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## O'Lara's Alarming Dream

"I'M WRITING a book about Ireland and they'll want to know what business the country does."

"Haven't we Guinness?" said O'Lara. "And what do we want with any more business than that? Don't they pay millions in taxes?"

And then a troubled look came over his face.

"Begob," he said, "I've nearly given up drinking it."

"Why's that?" I gasped.

"Because of a dream I had," said O'Lara, "after drinking no more nor a bottle. And then I went to bed and I had the dream."

"What was the dream?" I asked.

"Begob," he said, "It was terrible. I dreamed that I walked down to the shore of the sea one evening; I don't know what I was doing there, but I walked down to the shore; and it was somewhere near Dublin, for I could see the Wicklow mountains. And it wasn't night, for there was still some light in the sky; but it was getting late. And the shore was crowded with people all looking out to sea. And I said, 'What's the matter, boys?' And one or two of them answered, 'It is the end' and went on looking out to sea. So I looked too, in my dream. And I saw the horizon all dark with the smoke of ships, and the people staring at them as though the end of the world were

there. 'Begob,' I said to myself, 'it's the English fleet, and those great big shells will be coming soon.'

"For the smoke was tearing up and the sky was black as thunder.

"Is it the English fleet?" I said.

"But they had all gone silent, and wouldn't speak any more.

"And then I saw that the ships were nearer than they looked in the evening. They weren't far away at all, and were quite small. And I took a man by the arm who was standing quite near me and I shook him, and said, 'Those little boats can't hurt us; sure, they're no bigger than Guinness' boats that do be on the Liffey.'

"And the man gave a great sigh and said, 'It is what they are.'

"And I cried out then, 'Ah, Boys, is it Guinness's going?'

"And I knew from the awful stillness that this was so.

"And I daren't have a sup of porter before going to bed anymore, for fear would I get that dream."

"Oh, I wouldn't bother," I said. "It was only a dream."

For he looked so doleful, I had to say something to try to cheer him.

"It isn't the dream I mind," he said. "But all the truth that there is in it."

*From "My Ireland", by Lord Dunsany.*



LORD DUNSANY was born in 1878 and succeeded his father as 18th Baron in 1899. He fought in the South African and First World Wars, and it was after the former that plays and tales in his highly personal, yet distinctively Irish

idiom began to appear. He is among those who have tried to bring a more poetic diction to the stage, but it is perhaps his talent for the unlikely that has won him his widest public. Nothing could be more unlikely than O'Lara's dream.



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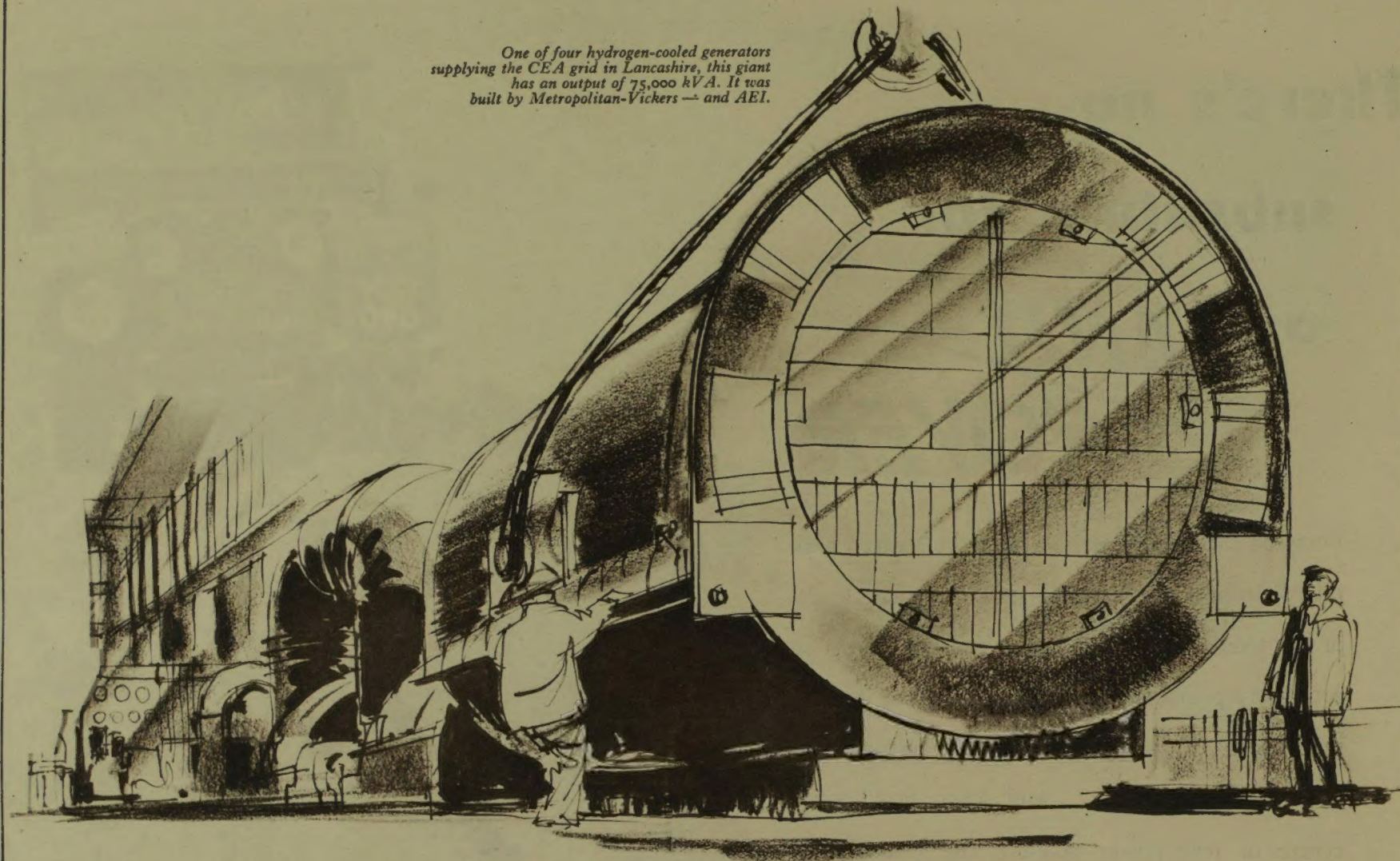
86" Wheelbase Standard Model with detachable hood and side screens.

Photos by courtesy of the R.T.S.C. Group.

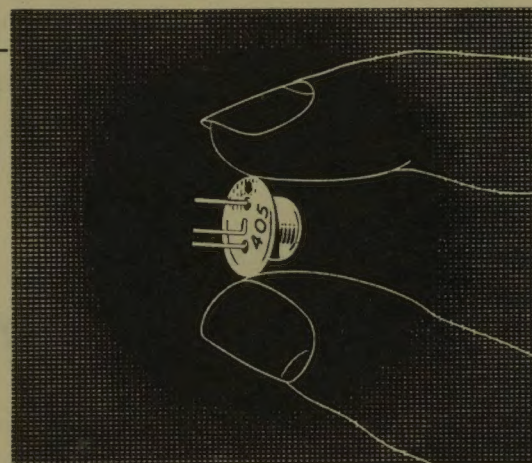
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*One of four hydrogen-cooled generators supplying the CEA grid in Lancashire, this giant has an output of 75,000 kVA. It was built by Metropolitan-Vickers — and AEI.*



*A transistor like this — the smallest kind of valve — may be used in a deaf-aid, or in equipment that controls whole industrial plants. They are made by British Thomson-Houston — and AEI.*



## LARGE & SMALL

Electrical equipment may weigh hundreds of tons or but a fraction of an ounce. This turbo-alternator is part of an installation which covers an acre of ground, the tiny transistor barely a thumbnail. Both are made by AEI companies. Associated Electrical Industries is a practical partnership of great firms collaborating in research and economy of manufacture.

An investment in AEI is an investment in all these companies :

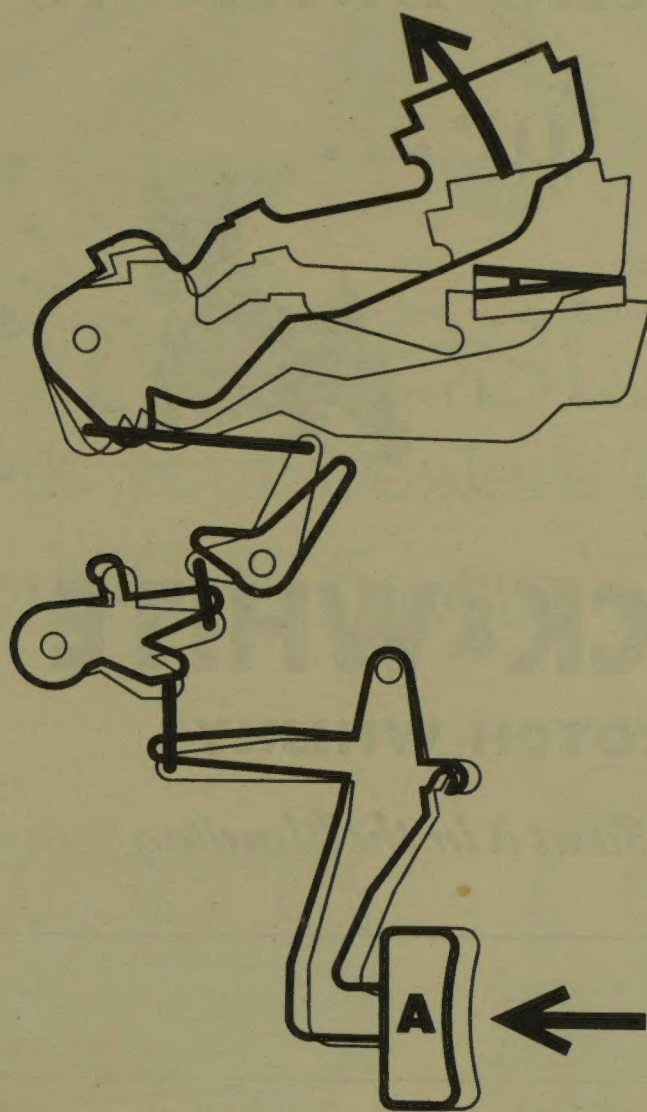
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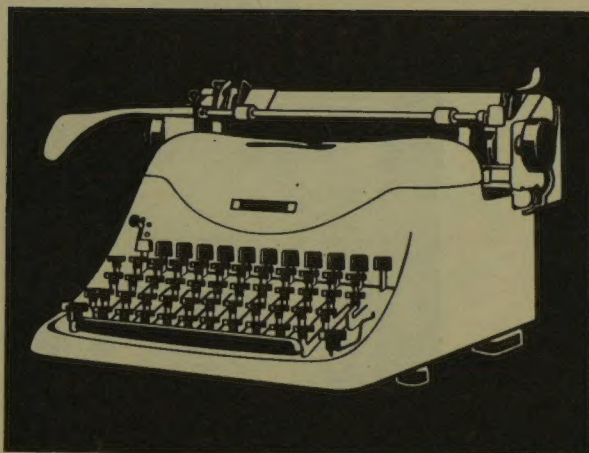
# AEI



# olivetti



in the office  
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*The office equipped with Olivetti Lexikon typewriters has many advantages. For sheer functional simplicity of design the Lexikon has been commended all over the world. In the range of its performance, in its ease of operation, and for the clarity of its work it has earned the highest praise of typists - and particularly of those who delight in being able to please the most exacting of critics.*

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*To produce a portable typewriter which, except for its size and weight, lacks none of the up-to-date features of a standard-size machine is, in itself, something of an achievement. Add to that the Olivetti flair for simplicity of design and precision of robust engineering construction and you have the Lettera 22 - the portable typewriter that is completely at home anywhere.*

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and out of the office  
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Left: C. 133 Walnut 8-day lever movement  
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Right: C. 169 Oak 8-day lever movement  
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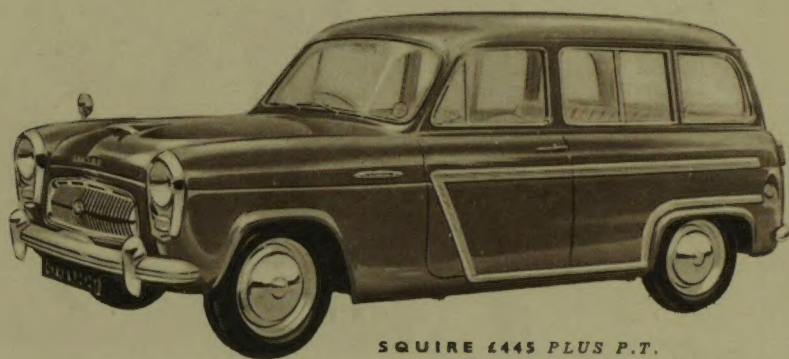
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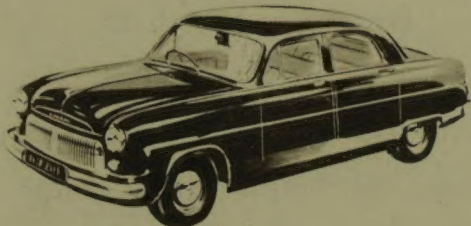
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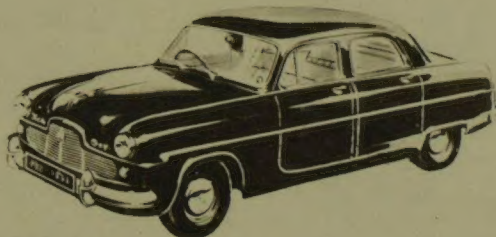
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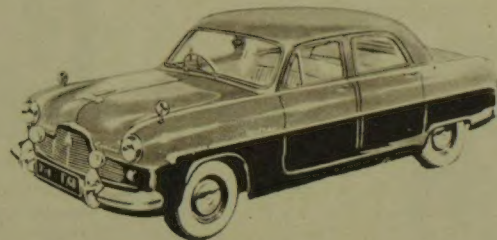
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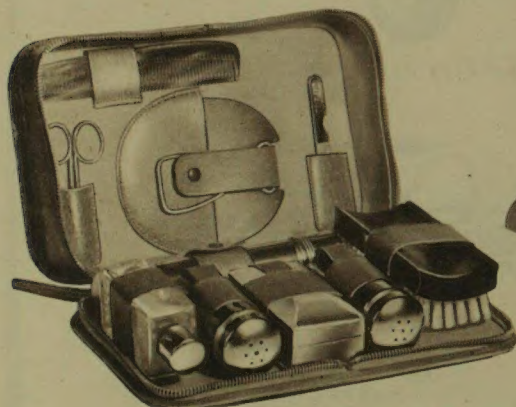


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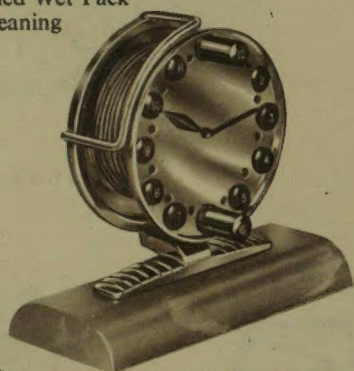
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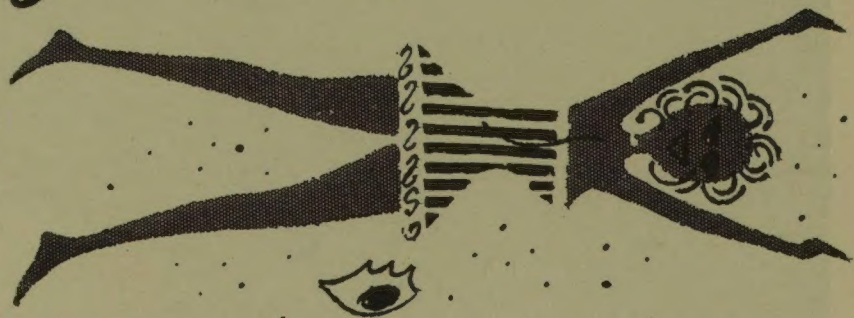
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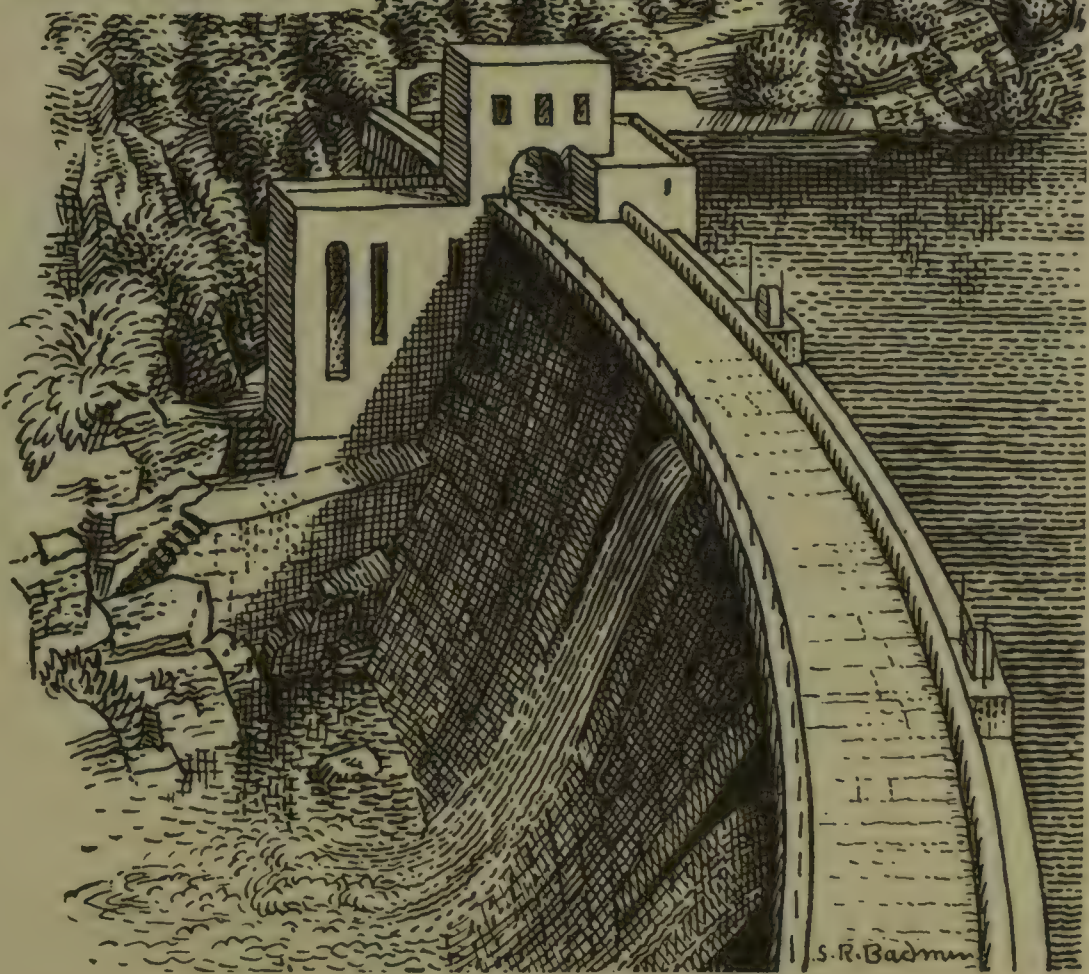
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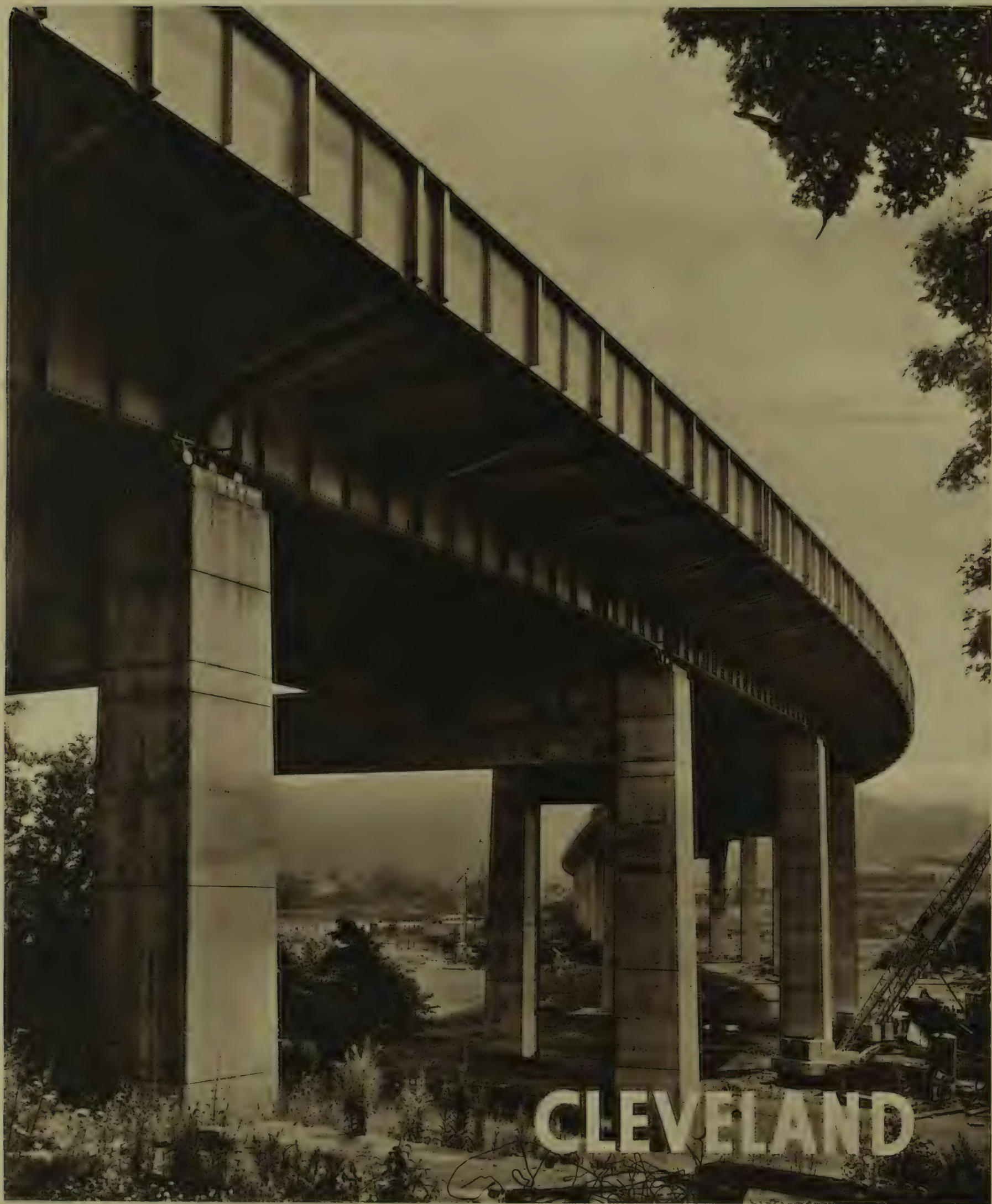
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### NEATH BY-PASS

*Opened by  
H.M. Minister of Transport  
on 31st. October, 1955.*

\* Consulting Engineers: Messrs. Rendel, Palmer & Tritton, London.

This project is the first step towards the proposed London to Fishguard motorway. Cleveland were privileged to be the main contractors for the whole of the foundation work and the erection of the bridge. In addition, Cleveland fabricated the whole of the steelwork, which includes some of the largest plate girders ever used in this country.

The viaduct and bridge which total three quarters of a mile have involved the use of four different methods of sinking foundations owing to the varied and difficult nature of the ground. This and the very size of the bridge have required all the wide and varied knowledge of Cleveland's engineers.

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1955.



AN INTERESTING ACQUISITION BY THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH: ONE OF THE MOST FAITHFUL PORTRAITS OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON—DRAWN BY SCHMIDT AT DRESDEN IN 1800.

This pastel portrait of Vice-Admiral Viscount Nelson has an almost photographic quality which makes it particularly interesting as one of the most faithful portraits of Lord Nelson. It is the companion-piece of Schmidt's portrait of Lady Hamilton, which is reproduced overleaf. Both portraits are interesting, though not outstanding, from the artistic point of view. They were drawn at Dresden in 1800, while Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton were returning to England from Italy. Johann Heinrich Schmidt had been Court

painter at Dresden since 1775, and was well known for his pastel portraits—among which was one of Napoleon. The portrait of Lord Nelson is drawn in pastels on paper and is signed and dated. It measures 11½ by 9 ins. It was done for Hugh Elliot, the British Minister in Dresden at the time. He gave it to his daughter, Emma Lady Hislop, and it has been acquired by the National Maritime Museum from her descendants. It shows Lord Nelson at the age of forty-two, at a time when he was complaining of ill-health.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

NEVER since the days when Charles II. and his Ministers laid up the battle-fleet as a measure of economy has the Royal Navy been so neglected as in the past decade. This is partly because Britain has, rightly or wrongly, assumed military responsibilities which are not permanently compatible with her simultaneously maintaining a great air force and a great navy, and partly because, with the rapid development of air power and the air weapon, it has been assumed by most people that naval warfare is no longer of major importance and that the country's first line of defence is the sky, not the sea. At the same time, the United States, up to a quarter of a century ago the world's second naval power, has since 1941 assumed the main guardianship of the world's seas that Britain had borne for 300 years. In the nineteenth century the British Fleet protected the growth of the United States. In the mid-twentieth century the American Navy has been tacitly expected, by many British politicians and electors, to cushion the gradual decline of Britain.

With all this I disagree profoundly. I do not believe that sea-power is a thing of the past, even though the weapons with which it is fought for have changed; on the contrary, I feel certain that if mankind is wicked and foolish enough to resort again to war—and I am afraid it may be—that the wars of the future, like those of the past, will be decided in favour of the side which controls the passage of the world's seaways. Nor do I believe in the inevitability of Britain's decline. I maintain that this country, given real leadership and inspiration, is quite as capable of greatness in the future as she has been in the past, and that it is to the interests of the human race that she should be. By their tradition and institutions, their character and temperament, her people are perhaps better suited to give leadership to mankind than any other. I do not mean by this that they are fitted or entitled to rule other peoples against their will or to enjoy privileges and wealth denied to others. I merely mean that they are as capable of acting selflessly, cohesively and with restraint, wisdom and moderation as any of those who are seeking to fill their ancient place as the chief arbiters of the eastern hemisphere. If we wish to inhabit a peaceful world, a just world and, on the whole, a kindly world, Britain must bear the same burden of responsibility and power as in the past, and that means that to do so she must resume her traditional guardianship of the seas. She must stand sentry over salt-water, both over the sea's surface and the skies above the sea. By doing so she can preserve justice, peace and honourable dealing for herself and others without exercising control over a square yard of anyone's land but her own.

Yet she can only do this if her rulers and people once more become sea-conscious. To-day both the Russians, Britain's most probable enemy in the event of global war, and the Americans, her most powerful ally, seem more conscious than the British of the importance of sea-power. This, to me, is an extraordinary phenomenon. A few days ago there appeared in the columns of *The Times* a most disturbing report. It showed, if its deductions are correct, that in each warship class the Russians are to-day building larger and more powerful vessels than their British counterparts. Among them are cruisers which, when completed, will have a standard displacement of around 25,000 tons and be able to mount an armament of guided missiles, and which will be as powerful in the naval warfare of the future as were the battle-cruisers which played so decisive a part in the Anglo-German naval war of 1914-18. In addition, according to this report, Russia has at least fourteen and probably seventeen heavy cruisers of around 15,000 tons. Against the largest British destroyer—of some 2610 tons—she is building vessels of 4000 tons, of a size and armament, that is, that gives them the capacity of British light cruisers. She is also building fast ocean-going submarines of between 2000 and 3000 tons, larger, that is, than anything in service with

the Royal Navy. The object of these powerful naval forces, *The Times* Naval Correspondent—the writer of the Report—opines is “to challenge the Anglo-American naval supremacy out in the oceans, breaking away from their traditional tasks of guarding the seaward flanks of armies ashore. . . . Their wartime tasks would be the cutting of sea communications during the decisive period of ‘broken-back’ war after the strategic air forces of the combatants had been spent.” \*

If Russian naval preparations should warn us of what we have to fear at sea in the event of man's proven folly and wickedness once more unloosing on the earth the horror and misery of war, those of the United States can

serve to make us aware of the deterrent force we can still exercise if only we grasp the trident of sea-power once more with intelligence and resolution. For the Americans, whose timely realisation of the importance of the air-weapon as a naval instrument before the last war resulted, in the crisis of 1942, in the saving naval victories of Coral Sea and Midway, have begun to realise, as we have yet to realise, the vital importance of the sea in any war based on atomic and guided missiles. Though living in a far less vulnerable land than ours, they have begun to see that against the power of guided atomic missiles any fixed land-base is too vulnerable a target for dependence. However powerful the offensive weapons of the non-aggressor nation or group of nations, they will avail them nothing if, through their fixed whereabouts being known, they can be pin-pointed before and destroyed with atomic weapons of precision at the start of hostilities. For, contrary to the popular notion that the atomic weapon has made war too horrible for any nation to precipitate, it offers the aggressor, provided his preparations are thorough enough, an enormous initial advantage. He can, if successful in his opening blow—the “Pearl Harbour” of the atomic age—create, by the atomic destruction of all the enemy's offensive or launching atomic bases, the conditions for successful “broken-back” war. And this is where the use of sea-power, in the future as in the past, can create the most effective of all deterrents both against an aggressor and against the use of this terrible new weapon. For the sea is vaster than the land, and far vaster than the land of any one nation, and it affords a base for offensive or deterrent atomic action or threat far more mobile and elusive than any that can be devised on land. A ship is a far harder target to find, and to hit when found, than an airfield or a launching site. It moves and can take evasive action. And it has its being on an element where climatic conditions are usually more favourable to concealment than the land. Complete and absolute control of the sea by the defenders of peace and international law is the strategic key to a peaceful world. There are other keys that reside in the human heart, but ours is

a world subject to physical force, and to ignore the existence and possibility of force is folly. That Britain and America should be jointly strong at sea and wield the trident that Drake and Nelson won, and Spruance, Nimitz and Andrew Cunningham used against the Axis, is likely to be as necessary to-morrow as it was yesterday. We have the naval tradition, we have the men who inherit that tradition, we have the geographic position and global Commonwealth to exert a power over the world's seaways that we can never hope to exert over its continental land spaces. The weapons of the past—the three-deckers of Trafalgar, the dreadnoughts that fought at Jutland, the fighter-aircraft that won the Battle of Britain—are obsolete. But the principles that governed their use and the human skill, intelligence and valour that used them are eternal factors, and for Britain the price and prize of Admiralty remain the same from age to age.

\* *The Times*, “Russia's Big Warships,” October 25, 1955.

“HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.” NELSON'S PORTRAIT OF EMMA, LADY HAMILTON, BY SCHMIDT.



THIS PORTRAIT OF LADY HAMILTON WAS DRAWN BY J. H. SCHMIDT AT DRESDEN AND IS THE COMPANION PIECE OF SCHMIDT'S PORTRAIT OF NELSON (WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, GREENWICH, AND WHICH IS REPRODUCED ON THE FRONT PAGE OF THIS ISSUE).

It will be remembered by all lovers of Nelson that during his later campaigns he had in his cabin a portrait of Lady Hamilton. This portrait—a pastel—shows Lady Hamilton as she appeared in 1800, at the age of thirty-five. In an inscription, in her own handwriting, on the back she describes it as follows: “This portrait of Emma Hamilton was in all the Battles with the virtuous, gallant and heroic Nelson. He called it his Guardian Angel; and thought he could not be victorious if he did not see it in the midst of Battle, he used to say, under his Banner. I grieve the fatal 21st of October, when he gloriously fell and ordered Captain Hardy to bring it to me.”



## HONOURING THE FALLEN: THE QUEEN AT CEREMONIES OF REMEMBRANCE.



(ABOVE.) COMMEMORATING THE MERCHANT SEAMEN WHO DIED IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: THE NEW MEMORIAL ON TOWER HILL, UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN.

The new memorial to nearly 24,000 men of the Merchant Navy, the fishing fleets and the lighthouse and pilotage services, who lost their lives between 1939 and 1945, was unveiled by the Queen on November 5. It stands in the garden on Tower Hill which already contained a memorial to the 12,000 merchant seamen who died in the First World War. After the unveiling ceremony, the new memorial—designed by Sir Edward Maufe, R.A., with sculptures by Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A.—was dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher.

(RIGHT.) HONOURING THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS: THE QUEEN WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT THE CENOTAPH ON REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY.

Amidst intermittent rain, the Queen and members of the Royal family, Ministers of State, Service contingents and thousands of private worshippers, gathered at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Day, November 6, for the service in homage of the dead of two World Wars. The sadness of the scene lost nothing by its familiarity—the dead leaves drifting over the heads of the people, the slow dignity of the wreath-laying ceremony, the solitary figure of the Queen, dressed in black, and the great crowd hushed into momentary silence.





NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR:  
A CAMERA SYMPOSIUM  
INCLUDING BRITAIN, FRANCE,  
NORTH AFRICA, AUSTRALIA  
AND THE FAR EAST.



THE LARGEST MERCHANT SHIP TO BE BUILT IN BRITAIN SINCE THE WAR: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE OIL TANKER *SPYROS NIARCHOS* (47,750 TONS). Claimed to be the world's largest tanker and the largest merchant ship to be built in Britain since the war, the *Spyros Niarchos* (47,750 deadweight tons) is due to be launched in December. She is 757 ft. in overall length, and is the ninth of ten ships ordered by Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos.



OFFICIALLY OPENING THE KWINANA OIL REFINERY WHICH BEGAN OPERATING LAST FEBRUARY: FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA. The British Petroleum Company's Kwinana oil refinery near Fremantle, which has been operating since February this year, was officially opened on October 25 by Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia. Estimated to have cost about £32,000,000, it can deal with 3,000,000 tons of crude oil annually. Its construction began early in 1953.



SIGNING A TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSSIA: THE YEMEN MINISTER, ABDUL RAHMAN ABU TALEB, WITH THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR, MR. SOLOD, ON HIS RIGHT. The Soviet Ambassador in Cairo, Mr. Daniel Solod, and the Yemen Minister, Abdul Rahman Abu Taleb, met in Cairo on October 31 to sign a treaty of friendship between Russia and the Kingdom of Yemen. It is due to run for five years. A similar treaty concluded between the two countries in 1929 had been allowed to lapse last year. The treaty provides for economic and diplomatic exchanges and may well be used as a means to further the current Soviet policy of supplying arms to Arab States.



PROCLAIMING THE VICTORY OF M. NGO DINH DIEM: A BUILDING IN SAIGON, STRESSING THE VIET-NAMESE PRIME MINISTER'S VAST MAJORITY.



DECLARING SOUTH VIET-NAM A REPUBLIC: M. NGO DINH DIEM, WHO IS NOW BOTH PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT, AFTER THE RECENT BALLOT, OVERWHELMINGLY IN HIS FAVOUR.

In the referendum for or against the deposition of Bao Dai and his replacement as head of the State by M. Dinh Diem, the Prime Minister, the latter's victory was so overwhelming that on October 26 he was able to declare Southern Viet-Nam a republic with himself as both President of the Republic and head of the Government. The British Foreign Office has recognised him as head of State.

(LEFT.) WITH THE MAHDI'S TOMB IN THE BACKGROUND: THE GUARD OF HONOUR MARCHING IN TO TAKE THEIR PLACE AT THE FAREWELL PARADE IN OMDURMAN.

At the beginning of October there was a combined farewell parade at which the Governor-General took the salute at a march-past of British, Egyptian and Sudanese units in Omdurman before the first British troops left the Sudan under the Anglo-Egyptian agreement.



RECEIVING THE LEADER OF THE MOROCCAN NATIONALIST PARTY: THE NEWLY-RESTORED SULTAN OF MOROCCO, SIDI BEN YUSSEF. Sidi Mohammed ben Yusef, who flew from exile in Madagascar to resume his place upon the Moroccan throne, was received with acclamation upon his arrival in France on October 31. Among those to visit him, vowing allegiance, was the leader of the Moroccan Nationalist Party, El Fassi. The Sultan's youngest daughter is on his right.







CAPTURED BY ISRAELI FORCES IN AN ATTACK ON AN EGYPTIAN POST IN THE DEMILITARISED ZONE AT SABHA: A MORTAR AND SOME LIGHT ARTILLERY PIECES.



TWO TRACKED WEAPONS CARRIERS CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS FROM THE EGYPTIANS AT SABHA. IN ALL, THE ISRAELIS CAPTURED TWENTY VEHICLES IN THIS ENGAGEMENT.



SMALL ARMS, AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, A MORTAR, HAND-GRENADES AND QUANTITIES OF AMMUNITION CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELI FORCES IN THE SABHA AREA.

The most notable engagement, to the date of writing, in the tension on the Egypt-Israel border, took place on the night of November 2-3, when Israeli troops attacked positions in the El Auja demilitarised zone at Sabha. This lies where the road from Beersheba crossing the Negev passes into Egypt at Sabha. The attack appears to have been a considerable operation designed to dislodge Egyptian forces from the demilitarised zone; and it seems to have gained this end. When the Israeli forces withdrew they took with them 49 Egyptian prisoners and a considerable quantity of booty in the shape of vehicles, artillery, automatic

## THE SABHA BATTLE: AN ENGAGEMENT IN WHICH ISRAELI TROOPS KILLED 50 EGYPTIANS.



A WRECKED EGYPTIAN TRUCK AND AN ABANDONED FORTIFICATION NEAR THE SABHA CHECK-POINT, WHERE THE EGYPTIANS LOST 50 DEAD AND 49 CAPTURED.



AN EGYPTIAN MORTAR POST IN THE AREA OF SABHA AND EL AUJA—WHICH HAS BEEN THE SCENE OF RECENT VIGOROUS FIGHTING ON THE EGYPTIAN-ISRAELI FRONTIER.

weapons and small arms and a great amount of ammunition; and reported that they had left 50 Egyptian dead on the field. The Egyptians attempted to bring up reinforcements and failed to reach the defenders, losing two out of eight *Sherman* tanks which were leading the reinforcements. On November 3 an Egyptian military spokesman reported that the Egyptians had counter-attacked and had killed 200 Israelis; but this report has since been discredited, and it appears that the Egyptians moved back into the Sabha position after the Israelis had abandoned it—a movement accomplished without hindrance or casualty.



## THE SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS IN ETHIOPIA, OTHER ROYAL OCCASIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



MAKING A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, IN THE BOX: THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE ADDRESSES A JOINT SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.



DRIVING THROUGH ADDIS ABABA ESCORTED BY THE FOOT BODYGUARD AND WATCHED BY LARGE CROWDS: THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, DURING THE CELEBRATIONS THAT MARKED HIS SILVER JUBILEE. On November 3 the three-day celebrations of the Emperor Haile Selassie's Silver Jubilee Coronation anniversary began with a solemn service of thanksgiving in St. George's Cathedral, Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia. The Emperor and the Empress drove to the Cathedral in a colourful procession through streets which were thronged with cheering crowds. On the second day of the celebrations the Emperor addressed a joint session of Parliament, and proclaimed a new, and more liberal, constitution. The present constitution was proclaimed after the Emperor's Coronation in 1930.



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER VISITED THE EXHIBITION OF STEUBEN GLASS AT PARK LANE HOUSE ON NOVEMBER 4: SHE IS SEEN HERE ADMIRING ONE OF THE EXHIBITS WHICH IS BEING SHOWN TO HER BY MISS MURIEL BIDDLECOMB (RIGHT).



ARRIVING AT THE BRITISH LEGION'S FESTIVAL OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE ALBERT HALL: THE QUEEN IS WELCOMED BY SIR IAN FRASER, PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family, attended the British Legion's annual Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall on the evening of November 5. The programme included displays by the three Services and a service conducted by the Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. J. L. Wilson.



RECEIVING GIFTS FROM INDIAN WOMEN: QUEEN JULIANA, WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, IN PARAMARIBO, THE CAPITAL OF SURINAM, ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN MAINLAND. After touring the Antilles, Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands flew to Paramaribo, capital of Surinam (Dutch Guiana), on October 27. This little-known territory, which is sandwiched between British and French Guiana, is four times the size of Holland. The Royal visitors were due to leave Surinam at the start of their journey home to the Netherlands on November 7.



LEAVING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: PRINCESS MARGARET, ESCORTED BY CANON MARCUS KNIGHT (LEFT), CHANCELLOR OF ST. PAUL'S, AND DR. MATTHEWS, THE DEAN. On the evening of November 2, Princess Margaret attended a service at St. Paul's Cathedral to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo, who founded the children's homes that bear his name. The sermon was preached by the Rt. Rev. C. Bardsley, the Bishop Suffragan of Croydon, and the congregation numbered nearly 3000.



# THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISIT THE MIDLANDS.



DURING HER VISIT TO THE WEDGWOOD FACTORY AT BARLASTON: THE QUEEN PUTTING A PATTERN ON A POWDER BOWL ON A LATHE.



LEAVING CREWE HALL, CREWE, AFTER A RECEPTION: THE QUEEN WITH LORD WOOLTON, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.



AFTER ATTENDING AN EVENING PARTY AT THE COUNTY BUILDINGS: HER MAJESTY LEAVING STAFFORD IN THE ROYAL TRAIN ON NOVEMBER 2.



DURING HER VISIT TO KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM: THE QUEEN WITH PROFESSOR HUMPHREYS AND THE REV. R. G. LUNT. (IN BACKGROUND).



AFTER TOURING THE WEDGWOOD FACTORY: THE QUEEN LOOKING AT THE APFLEDORF TEA-SET PRESENTED TO HER BY MR. JOHN WEDGWOOD, THE DEPUTY CHAIRMAN. THE QUEEN WAS ALSO GIVEN A PAIR OF VASES BY THE WORKPEOPLE.



IN ONE OF THE FIVE TOWNS: THE QUEEN ADMIRING THE FINE CHINA IN THE SHOWROOM OF JOHNSON BROS. (HANLEY) LTD., IN HANLEY.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh left London on the evening of November 1 for a two-day tour of Cheshire, Staffordshire and Birmingham. The Royal train arrived at Nantwich at 10 a.m. on November 2, and the Queen and the Duke drove by car to Crewe where, after inspecting a parade of the Cheshire Yeomanry, they attended a reception at Crewe Hall held for tenants of the Duchy of Lancaster estates. After driving to Newcastle-under-Lyme, the Royal visitors went on to Stoke-on-Trent, then visited the factory of Messrs. Johnson Brothers (Hanley) Ltd. As the Queen was examining a large cup, destined for the United States export market, a photographer's flash-bulb exploded with a loud report and the



BRAVING THE RAIN: SCHOOL CHILDREN GIVING A DISPLAY OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES, WATCHED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AT STOKE CITY FOOTBALL CLUB GROUND.

Queen jumped slightly, turned, smiled at the photographer and said: "I jolly nearly dropped it." In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke saw more than 2000 children giving a display of dancing and physical exercises at Stoke City football ground in heavy rain. About fifty of the children collapsed and the display was cut short because of the Queen's concern for the children's welfare. Later the Queen and the Duke toured the Wedgwood factory at Barlaston, and attended an evening party at Stafford. On the second day of their tour the Queen and the Duke went to Bournville and visited King Edward's School, and later toured the works of Messrs. Joseph Lucas Ltd. After visiting the Birmingham Colleges of Technology, where the Queen inaugurated the buildings by unveiling a plaque, her Majesty and the Duke had luncheon at the Council House.



# ENGLISH FAMILY LIFE IN BRUSSELS, 1814—1817.

"THE CAPEL LETTERS, 1814-1817"; Edited by the Marquess of Anglesey. With an introduction by Sir Arthur Bryant.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

## "THE CAPEL LETTERS,"

disinterred by Lord Anglesey from his muniment room in North Wales, form one more of those lively collections of original documents which go to feed the solid volumes — often much drier, alas — of the academic historians. "The editor of this fascinating correspondence," says Sir Arthur

right analogy there. After quoting daughter Georgina's comment "Papa's illness makes me more than ever pity *Batchelors*; for after all, what is so kind, so useful as a woman, and what miserable helpless wretches men are without them, if they require any sort of comfort or attendance" and Harriet's notions about the most eligible age in men, he says "Poor Harriet's subsequent love affair with the dashing and melancholy Dutch Baron—another military gentleman of dangerous age—and her father's duel with that impecunious philanderer might have come out of 'Sense and Sensibility.' Indeed, no one can read this book without realising even more strongly than before how exquisitely Jane Austen portrayed nature in her art. For here, in real life, and painted by themselves, is a family about which she might have written."

But the cannon do not thunder in Miss Austen's pages, nor are the streets of her quiet villages and towns crowded with wounded and dying men. A few sailors and militia officers stray through her scenes, but that is as near as she comes to war. This Austenish family were almost in the thick of it.

He who should wish for the best picture of Waterloo by a combatant can do no better than to go back to the graphic "Journal" of Captain (afterwards General) Mercer, whose G Battery fought their guns so splendidly in the thick of the battle, and who is a natural writer. But for a picture of "behind the lines" at this time, these new letters can hardly be bettered. The Capels knew many of the leading actors, British and foreign, including the young Prince of Orange who haunted their house—and the acquaintance sometimes came in useful. "Adieu, My very dear Mama," writes Caroline when they have just moved to a chateau outside

Brussels, "I have had all the Baggage Waggon's belonging to the Adjutant General's Office in requisition for the last week to bring our things here—There is nothing so convenient as a Military Friend—They smooth all difficulties, particularly such a one as Sir Edward Barnes." And when the fateful days came they were in the midst of things.

Three of the family went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the evening of the 15th. "In the midst of the dancing an express arrived to the Duke with an account of the Prussians having been beat and the French having advanced within fourteen miles of Bruxelles—You may imagine the Electrical Shocks of such intelligence—Most of the Women in Floods of tears and all the Military in an instant collected round their respective leaders and in less than 20 minutes

the room was cleared." Next morning Caroline heard the Brunswickers march to the tune of a hymn, and in less than twenty-four hours she learnt of the death of their Duke in action. "It was not two days since I was talking with him and reminding him of dining at Uxbridge House some time ago." Hope rose and fell, the wounded poured into the City, news of friends' deaths were continually brought in, and at last they heard of "the most bloody victory that ever was gained."

Amongst the wounded was Uxbridge. He was told that his leg had better come off and one of his aide-de-

camps wrote that he said "If amputation is to take place, the sooner it is done the better. . . . During the operation, he never moved or complained, no one even held his hands. He said once quite calmly that he thought the instrument was not very sharp. When it was over his nerves did not appear the least shaken, and the Surgeon observed his pulse was not altered. He said smiling 'I have had a pretty long run, I have been a *Beau* these 47 years and it would not be fair to cut the young men out any longer.'" The leg was buried in a cottage garden, and a monument erected over it recording its origin and fate.

There is plenty about the aftermath. "The Duke of Wellington," writes Georgy, "never was known to be in such low spirits as he is in consequence of the blood that was shed at Waterloo." "We went," writes Caroline, nearly a month after the battle, "to see two diamonds which a Soldier's wife found in the pocket of a dead soldier at Waterloo which she offered to a jeweller here for 40 francs, about two Napoleons; the jeweller, with a degree of honesty not very often to be found, told her that they [were] worth at least £6000 being two of the finest stones ever seen and supposed to have belonged to the Queen of Westphalia who had been robbed; they were found in the pocket of a Prussian soldier who you know are the greatest Plunderers that ever existed." Georgy is indignant at the inadequacy of the poem which Sir Walter Scott wrote on Waterloo, "very flat and not altogether correct." There is contemporary confirmation for that view. Lord Erskine wrote, pithily:

On Waterloo's ensanguined plain  
Fell tens of thousands of the slain;  
But none, by sabre or by shot,  
Fell half so flat as Walter Scott.

Later the party moved to a villa at Vevey; the letters thence have a milder, but still adequate, interest. The notes throughout are adequate, answering all probable queries, and the illustrations are few but choice. Before long we shall find quotations from this book in other volumes.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 846 of this issue.



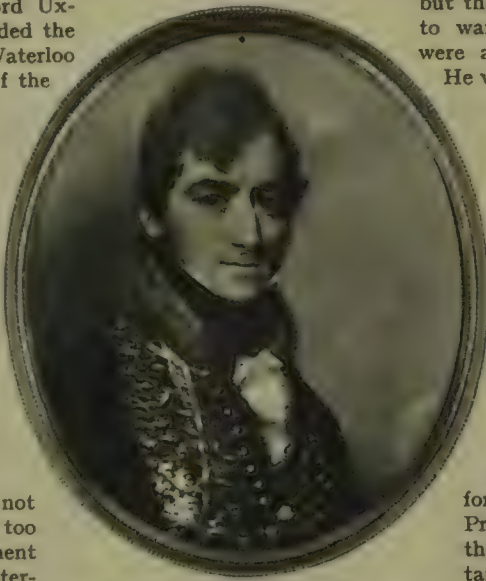
THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY, WHO HAS EDITED "THE CAPEL LETTERS," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Lord Anglesey, who was born in 1922, succeeded his father as 7th Marquess of Anglesey in 1947. He was educated at Wixenford, Wokingham; and Eton College. He married, in 1948, Elizabeth Shirley Vaughan Morgan, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan, and has one son and two daughters. Lord Anglesey is the great-great-grandson of the Lord Uxbridge who commanded the British cavalry at Waterloo.

Bryant, in his brief but characteristically vivid and enthusiastic introduction, "is the great-great-grandson of the Lord Uxbridge who commanded the British cavalry at Waterloo and, in the course of the battle, had the famous conversation with Wellington about the loss of his leg. ["By Gad, my leg's gone." "By Gad, so it has."] Lord Uxbridge, who after the battle was created Marquess of Anglesey, was one of the half-dozen or so most brilliant cavalry commanders in our history, and, had it not been for a rather too hussar-like elopement with Wellington's sister-in-law, which prevented him from serving under that commander in the Peninsula, would almost certainly have become even more famous than he is. As one of his nieces put it: 'A Charge of Cavalry was nothing without Lord Uxbridge at the head of it!'"

Lord Uxbridge had a sister, Caroline, of whom there is here an exquisite portrait by Hoppner; she is aged twenty-one and holds in her arms the first of her all-too-numerous brood of babies. She married, at eighteen, John Capel, second son of the Earl of Essex. He seems to have been a charming and considerate man, but had an incurable passion for the gaming-table. By 1804, after twelve years of marriage, his agonised mother-in-law, the recipient of these letters, who was constantly coming to the rescue, learnt that he owed £20,000, a pretty bad start for one who was to become the father of thirteen children. For years Caroline talked of going abroad to save expense, but the migration did not take place until the abdication of Napoleon in 1814.

Of that abdication old Lady Uxbridge wrote, with her usual good sense: "To think that a Month ago the Monster [Napoleon, in these letters, is usually the Monster or the Tyger] might have had the Kingdom of France, and that he is now reduced to the State of Pauper, fills the mind with astonishment. I think they have granted him a great deal too much, he ought not to have the Means of doing farther mischief." On the "farther mischief" he succeeded in doing, through being allowed an island not far from the French coast, there are a good many sidelights in this volume. For the Capels, in June, went to Brussels, and there they were, with mother and elder daughters writing busily to the old lady, who had retired to Surbiton, when the tremendous events of 1815 took place.

There is a dual interest in these letters. In the first place they would be entertaining as records of private life, in that time and class, even were no important public events mentioned. Sir Arthur Bryant has the



LORD PAGET, LATER 1ST MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY (1768-1854).

By George Engleheart, c. 1800, in the possession of the Marquess of Anglesey.



LADY CAROLINE CAPEL, AGED TWENTY-ONE, WITH HARRIET, A BABY OF A YEAR OLD, IN HER ARMS. HARRIET WAS THE FIRST OF HER THIRTEEN CHILDREN.

By John Hoppner, 1794, in the possession of the Marquess of Anglesey. Illustrations reproduced from: "The Capel Letters, 1814-17," by courtesy of the publisher, Jonathan Cape.

\* "The Capel Letters. Being the Correspondence of Lady Caroline Capel and her daughters with the Dowager Countess of Uxbridge from Brussels and Switzerland, 1814-17." Edited by the Marquess of Anglesey. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Bryant. Illustrated. (Cape; 18s.)



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: BRIDGES AND MEMORIALS OLD AND NEW, AND OTHER ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



REVEALED BY THE DROUGHT: AN ANCIENT STONE HUMP-BACK BRIDGE WHICH HAS REAPPEARED IN THE RESERVOIR AT FERNWORTHY.



ONCE USED BY PACK ANIMALS: A CLAPPER BRIDGE WHICH IS AGAIN VISIBLE AT FERNWORTHY, DARTMOOR, WHERE THE WATER-LEVEL IN THE RESERVOIR HAS DROPPED. In 1939 an area of land at Fernworthy, on Dartmoor, in Devonshire, was flooded to make a reservoir to provide a water supply for Torquay and the surrounding district. Among the things which disappeared beneath the waters were an ancient stone hump-back bridge and a clapper bridge. It was not expected that these ancient bridges would be seen again, but during the recent drought, the level in the reservoir at Fernworthy fell so low that at the end of October the bridges were visible once more.



FREED FROM ITS SCAFFOLDING AND DOMINATING THE STATION SQUARE IN CAIRO: THE STATUE OF RAMESES II.

This colossal 70-ton granite statue of Rameses II. was brought to Cairo on a tank transporter from the site of the ancient city of Memphis, where it had been lying in the sand for centuries. The scaffolding has now been removed, but work on the pedestal has not yet been completed.



A GREAT MAN DRAWN BY A GREAT ARTIST: DR. SCHWEITZER, BY MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN. This drawing of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, O.M., was made by Augustus John, O.M., during the former's recent visit to London when the Queen invested him with the insignia of a member of the Order of Merit. Mr. John's comment on the sitting, which took place at the restaurant in Westminster where Dr. Schweitzer stayed, was that Dr. Schweitzer "sat like a brick, he did."



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE £120,000 MEMORIAL TO THE MEN OF THE AFRIKA KORPS, BUILT BY THE GERMAN WAR GRAVES COMMISSION IN THE DESERT NEAR TOBRUK: A GROUP OF STATUARY STANDING IN FRONT OF SCAFFOLDING.



DESIGNED TO SAVE LIVES AT AN ACCIDENT "BLACK SPOT": A BAILEY BRIDGE WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED OVER THE GREAT NORTH ROAD AT STEVENAGE.

On October 30 a Bailey bridge was erected over the Great North Road at Stevenage to provide a safe crossing for workers travelling between residential areas of Stevenage new town and local factories. The bridge was commissioned by Stevenage Development Corporation after there had been protests about the dangers of this accident "black spot."



THOUGHT TO HOLD HITLER'S "HOARD": AN AIRCRAFT RECOVERED FROM LAKE ATTER WHICH CONTAINED ONLY GAS-MASKS, BEER BOTTLES AND OTHER ROUTINE ITEMS. It was thought that an aircraft submerged for over ten years in Lake Atter, twenty-five miles east of Salzburg in Austria, contained Hitler's "hoard" and last secret instructions, but when the wreckage was recently recovered it was found to contain nothing more exciting than ammunition-cases, beer bottles, gas-masks and other routine items.



INTERNATIONAL relations continue to be a business in Geneva, and one which brings in a good deal of revenue. Its citizens are, therefore, not in the habit of expressing scepticism about their conduct or about the future of projects set on foot in these pleasant surroundings. Yet their attitude, if guarded from this point of view, cannot be enthusiastic. How many disappointments have come out of that fine building which was once bigger than the needs of the League of Nations and is now too small for those of the European annex of the United Nations! This year, Geneva has been the scene of events which spread enthusiasm widely about the globe. Now autumn has brought a nipping air. The conference which opened in the last week of last month looked at the start more like what Geneva is accustomed to than last July's honeymoon.

One novelty, however, first seen on that occasion and by no means to be despised, even if not of major political importance, has been preserved. The talks began without the vilification which had previously been an almost universal feature of all conferences between East and West. It also began, none the less, with the presentation of opposing plans which embodied seemingly irreconcilable ideas. I am not going to set out paragraph by paragraph the plans for the maintenance of peace in general and the future of Germany in particular which were tabled by Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Molotov. There were fourteen paragraphs in the Russian plan, and, if a recapitulation of Sir Anthony Eden's scheme were included, these documents would require all my space. Some of them are formal. For example, the Soviet proposals include one that, on the appearance of danger of an armed attack in Europe on one or more of the parties to the projected security pact, the parties shall consult about how to maintain peace and security. As no such attack could be made except by a party or parties, this cannot be considered to be an important safeguard.

All that I shall attempt is an examination of the principal differences between the two drafts and of the significance of those differences. A casual glance gives the impression of likeness rather than dissimilarity. Refraining from aggression, reservation of rights of self-defence, respect for the United Nations and its Charter, desire for the reunification of Germany—all these points can be found in one form or another in both projects. Yet this is commonly the case in such documents. A second glance might suggest that Mr. Macmillan's inclines to the practical and Mr. Molotov's to the abstract; the former, for example, includes such points as the limitation of forces in a zone on both sides of the "line of demarcation" between Germany and the Eastern European States, inspection and control of that zone, and international warning systems to render surprise attacks less likely. The vital differences, however, are to be found in the Russian conditions for a security treaty and projects for the future of Germany.

It is provided in the Russian draft that parties to the treaty shall not be members of coalitions or alliances. It is not proposed to dissolve N.A.T.O. forthwith. If it had been, the only possible interpretation would be that the Russians wanted to kill the prospect of a treaty. Mr. Molotov proposes that parties shall not be relieved of their obligations under existing treaties for a period of two or three years, but that, should these treaties be of a military character, they shall abstain from the use of force and agree to settle disputes by peaceful means. On the expiration of the agreed time-limit, the Warsaw Treaty of May 1955 (Russia's own eastern pact with satellites); the Paris Agreements of October 1954 (concerning Germany); and the North Atlantic Treaty of April 1949, shall become ineffective. As I have pointed out previously, the western and eastern treaties do not amount to the same thing, because Russia's control of the satellites and power to make them military allies depends on her domination of their Communist Parties. If she keeps that she can manage without the treaty.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. FROM IDEALS TO REALITIES AT GENEVA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The original British proposal was a security treaty after the reunification of Germany. This has now been modified, in the hope of meeting Russian objections, to the extent that work on the two projects would be simultaneous. The Russians, however, have not budged from their refusal to permit the re-creation of a united Germany before the treaty comes into force. It is, in fact, laid down that, pending the formation of a united democratic German State, the German Democratic Republic (Eastern Germany) and the German Federal Republic (Western Germany) may be partners in the treaty; after their reunification, the united State may be a member. Thus the West would be pledged in advance to abandon the North Atlantic Treaty without any real guarantee that the reunification of Germany would follow.

I have felt in the past that, if there were any possibility of a satisfactory security treaty, it would be intolerable to have to await indefinitely the reunification of Germany before this could be signed. Since, however, I last expressed this view it has become apparent that Russia has no hope that a reunited Germany would be Communist and—worse still from her point of view—considers that it would seek to become a member of the North Atlantic Treaty. Considering the strength of the feeling against joining

Whatever may happen in the future—especially after Dr. Adenauer has ceased to be Federal German Chancellor—it is certain that Western Germany will not submit to such a restriction now, just as it is that her friends in N.A.T.O. will not suggest that she should. But from the point of view of Western Europe the other provision, the pledge in advance to dissolve the North Atlantic Treaty within two or three years, is

an even bigger barrier to progress. It would be sheer lunacy to strip the West of the chief element in its strength, the provision for unity in defence against aggression. It took some time to make that treaty. It has taken longer still to raise the strength of its signatories to its present level. One must doubt whether Russia expects the conditions about Germany to be acceptable. One may feel sure that she has no expectation of those relating to the North Atlantic Treaty and the Paris Agreements being entertained.

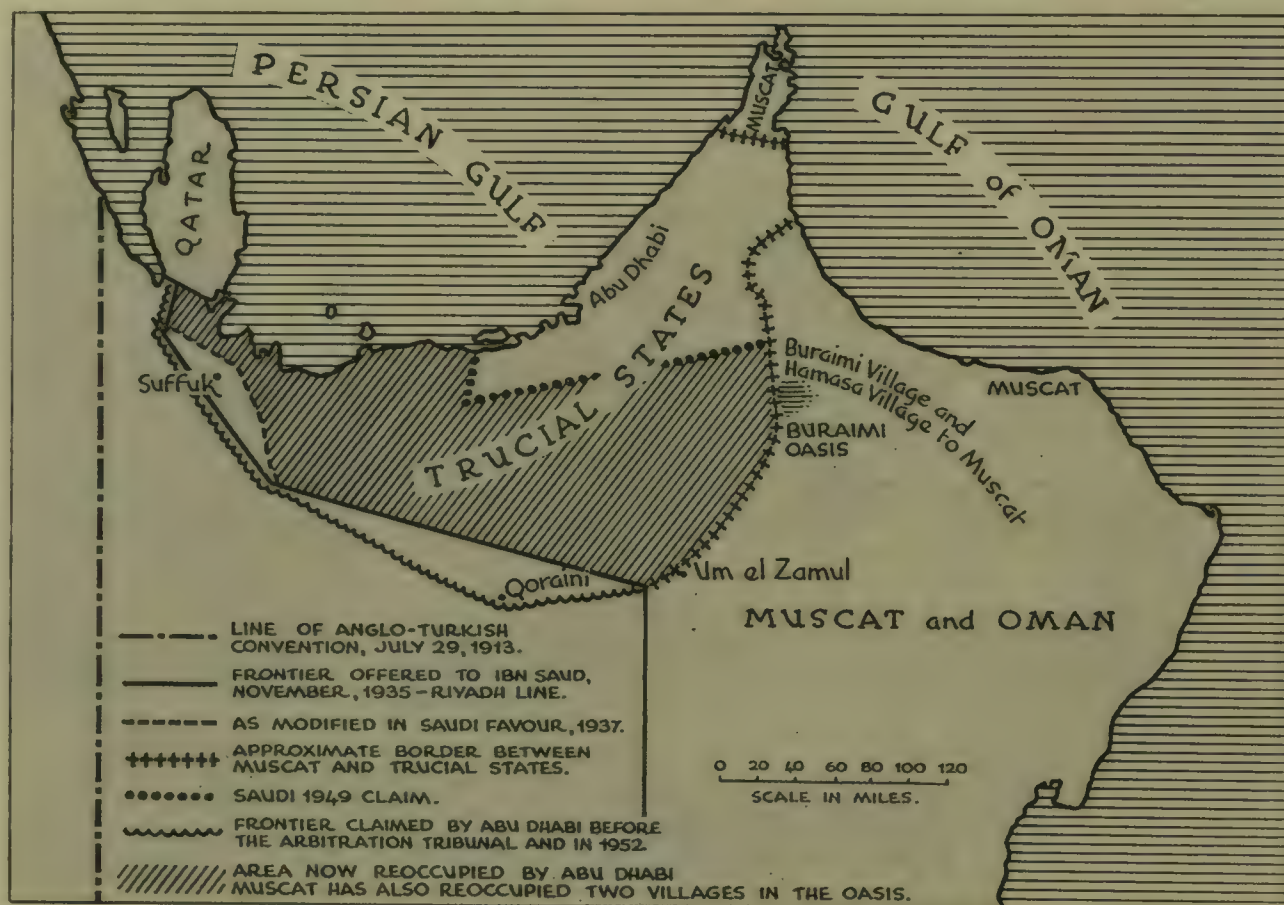
And yet, whatever the pessimists may say, it is clear that Russia now desires peace—not necessarily for ever, perhaps only for the purpose of substituting Communist propaganda for arms in a world war—and is now seeking a settlement. She may, therefore, not cling indefinitely to formulas which, as they stand, will not get her a foot nearer to a treaty of security. As I write, negotiations are going on in search of a basis for agreement. It may prove that Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Dulles have on their side a further contribution to make. The terms of the British draft already go a long way towards providing for Russia that security about which she has professed to be concerned. The guarantees in it are considerable in scope and, as Mr. Dulles remarked on the first day, they entail "undertakings of the utmost gravity" for the United States.

Over the weekend following the opening of the conference there occurred one of those swerves to a new topic which the public still finds bewildering, though they are not unfamiliar. This was the sale of Czechoslovak arms to Egypt. Mr. Dulles and Mr. Macmillan both had personal talks with Mr. Molotov on this subject. It must be supposed that both represented to the Soviet Foreign Minister the danger of this set-back to their policy of preserving peace and preventing an arms race in the Middle East. The United States and the United Kingdom are at one in their approach to this question. The attitude of France is not so clear. The French Government looks with none too friendly an eye on the Baghdad Pact, because it increases the stature of Iraq and diminishes that of Syria, in which France is trying to revive what remains of her influence. The loss of French power in Syria and the Lebanon during the war still rankles. Yet France has never stood in greater need of British and American sympathy than now, and it can hardly be believed that she will fail to co-operate here.

Meanwhile, there were some signs that Russia's very uncompromising start might not be a prelude to a stalemate in the old style. Mr. Molotov went so far as to welcome the latest British and American proposals as a step forward and to admit that they envisaged the problem of security more seriously. He also stated that he would shortly put forward new proposals on German reunification. I have to bring my article to an end without awaiting his announcement of this Russian contribution to the debate. It would seem almost certain that the differences between the two sides are too wide to be bridged at this stage. Yet it would be wrong to regard this as a conference on the old pattern. It is possible that on some secondary matters, such as trade, intercourse, abandonment of wireless attacks and jamming, progress will be made.

Only those who were spellbound by the interchanges of last summer will be deeply depressed by the proceedings at this conference. The summer business was largely one of ideals, on which it is always easier to reach agreement than on practical politics. At its bleakest, the atmosphere at Geneva has this time been at least more business-like and the conference has borne less resemblance to a performance based on a script written in advance than any similar conference between East and West for several years.

### THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN BRITAIN AND SAUDI ARABIA OVER THE BURAIMI OASIS.



SHOWING THE DISPUTED TERRITORIES OF THE BURAIMI OASIS AND THE NEIGHBOURING STATES: A MAP OF THE TROUBLED AREAS OF SOUTH-EAST ARABIA.

The present conflict of views between Britain and Saudi Arabia over the border between the latter country and the territories of Muscat and Oman and the Trucial States is made clear on the above map. As Sir Anthony Eden said, in a speech to the House of Commons: "In 1935, when the present dispute may be said to have crystallised, a line, which is known as the Riyadh line, was put forward by her Majesty's Government. It involved substantial concessions to the Saudi Arabians. This line was further modified in 1937 in favour of Saudi Arabia, and it is this modified line that we are now declaring as the frontier." The ruler of Abu Dhabi and the Sultan of Muscat believe they are entitled to the territory embraced by the wavy line on the above map and the whole of the oasis of Buraimi, but have agreed to accept the Riyadh line as modified in 1937, favouring Saudi Arabia, in order to maintain a conciliatory attitude, even in face of the strong Saudi Arabian provocation which led to the occupation of the Buraimi Oasis by Saudi Arabian forces. The oasis has since passed into the control of the pro-British States.

the treaty which has been displayed in Western Germany, it does not look as though Russian preaching of Communism can have been very successful in Eastern Germany if it would not carry into the union enough voters to make such a move impossible. However, if Russia thus cries her own goods we must accept her estimate of their appeal.

If this be the Russian view, there must be a strong possibility that Russia would obstruct and delay the reunification of Germany after the treaty had come into force. She would find no difficulty in doing so by the tactics of proposing arrangements which were unacceptable to the United States, the United Kingdom, France, and the Federal Republic, and perhaps unwelcome to the majority of the people of Eastern Germany. Germany would then find reunion barred except on terms which would give all possible advantages to Communism. Already Russia has made it clear that the terms would include a ban upon alliances. We need not go into the question whether an undertaking to contract none would be worth the paper on which it was written. It is, however, conceivable that Russia is counting upon longing for unity weakening the spirit of Germans and upon the flirtation with neutralism which has appeared on a small scale in the Federal Republic spreading more widely.



## THE WORK OF STANLEY SPENCER: TWO CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



THIS STUDY FOR THE PAINTING "APPLE GATHERERS," WHICH IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT, IS TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION, "DRAWINGS BY STANLEY SPENCER," AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY. (Pen, pencil and wash; 10½ by 12½ ins.) (The Tate Gallery.)



"APPLE GATHERERS" (1912-1913) IS SHOWN AT THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF STANLEY SPENCER, WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE TATE GALLERY UNTIL DECEMBER 18. (Canvas; 28 by 36 ins.) (The Tate Gallery.)



"CEDAR TREE, COOKHAM" (1934-1935), WHICH IS TYPICAL OF SPENCER'S STRIKING LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS. (Canvas; 30 by 28 ins.) (E. Beddington Behrens, Esq.)



"ZACHARIAS AND ELIZABETH" (1912-1913) IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST WORKS IN THE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION, WHICH GIVES AN EXCELLENT IDEA OF THE ARTIST'S DEVELOPMENT. (Canvas; 60 by 60 ins.) (Lady Bone.)



"CHRIST CARRYING THE CROSS" (1920). THIS PAINTING IS SET IN COOKHAM-ON-THAMES. (Canvas; 60 by 56 ins.) (The Tate Gallery.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT" (1939), SHOWING THE ARTIST AT THE AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT. (Canvas; 30 by 20 ins.) (Edward F. W. James, Esq.)



"WORKMEN IN THE HOUSE" (1935). THIS WAS SHOWN IN THE R.A. SUMMER EXHIBITION OF 1935. (Canvas; 44½ by 36½ ins.) (W. A. Evill, Esq.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT" (1913), PAINTED WHEN THE ARTIST WAS TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD. (Canvas; 23½ by 20 ins.) (The Tate Gallery.)

At the moment two exhibitions of the work of Stanley Spencer are to be seen in London. A large Retrospective Exhibition, containing 83 paintings, is being shown at the Tate Gallery until December 18. At the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, "Drawings by Stanley Spencer" remains open until December 3. This second exhibition includes several studies for paintings which are being shown so far apart; especially as the introductions to both catalogues, one of which is written by the artist himself, stress the vital link between Stanley Spencer's

drawings and his paintings. Stanley Spencer was born at Cookham-on-Thames, Berkshire, in 1891. He studied at the Slade School under Tonks, and won a scholarship and other prizes. He had his first one-man show at the Goupil Gallery in 1927. In 1932 he was elected A.R.A., but he resigned from the Royal Academy in 1935. He rejoined in 1950 and became an R.A. In 1945 he finally returned to Cookham, where he is now living. Stanley Spencer's more recent work has been mainly devoted to large schemes such as the "Resurrection" series and "Christ Preaching at Cookham Regatta," parts of which are to be seen at the Tate Gallery.



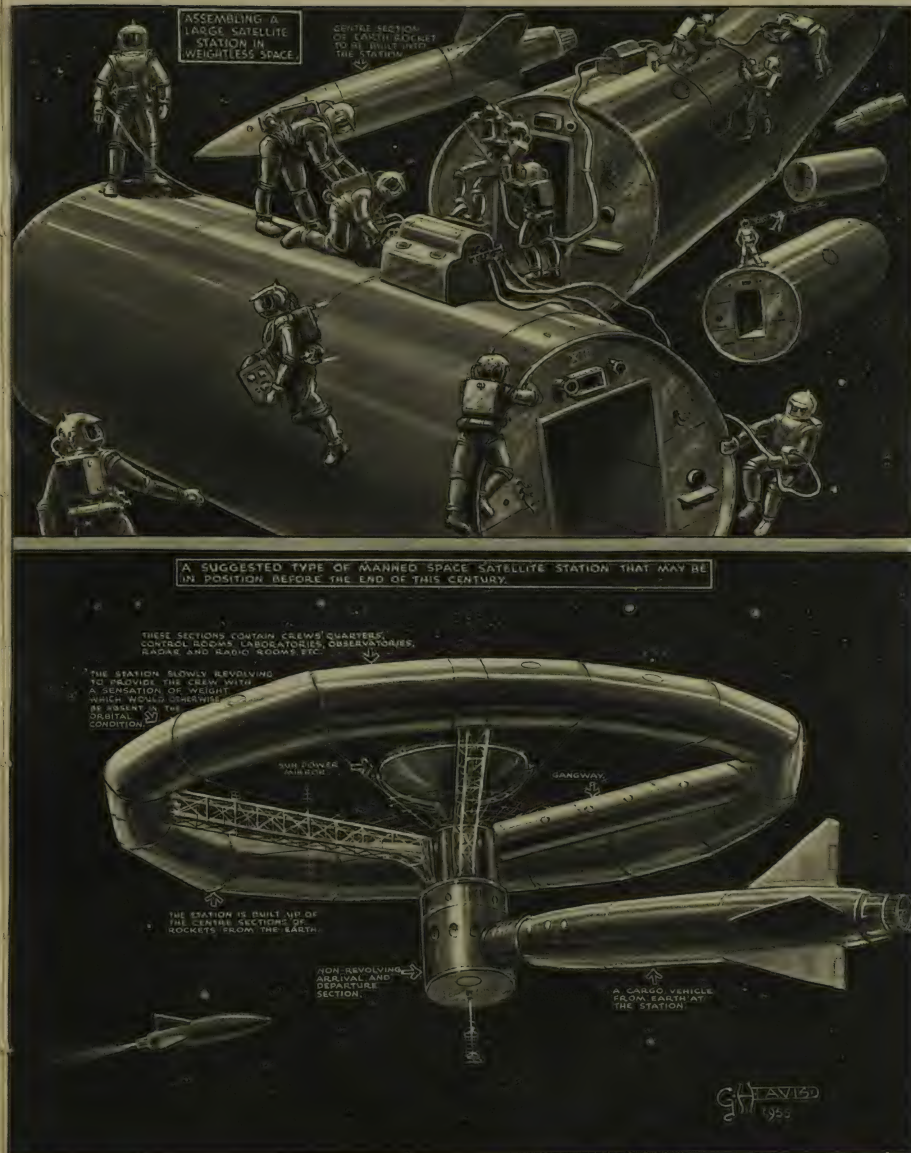


## THE LEAP TO THE MOON VIA MANNED ROCKETS AND SPACE-STATIONS: WAYS AND MEANS

The first steps in space travel, activated by the unmanned satellites, will be launched 2-300 miles above the earth's surface during the international geophysical year beginning in July 1957, were described and illustrated in our issue of October 15. Succeeding steps may be glimpsed from the above drawing. Larger unmanned satellites will be sent into orbit, able to stay in orbit for years and even decades instead of days. It is hoped that many of the problems of manned excursions into space will be resolved by such satellites. These include the effects of the deadly ultra-violet and primary cosmic ray barrage to which space travellers are exposed, the lack of oxygen and food, and the effects of a hostile environment. Another factor is the incidence of meteors or the bombardment of nuclear particles.

tiny particles which might scarcely damage a projectile, but which in cloud formation might destroy it. Even when we have discovered the answer to such questions, others equally vital will remain to tax the resources of modern science. For example, before man is able to travel to the higher reaches, some form of atomic propulsion must be developed. At the moment, the bulky and expensive power plants for such short periods: thus, the rocket vehicles of the future of enormous dimensions to carry even a small payload such as the artificial satellite envisaged in the 1957-58 experiments. But atomic power, used in such a project, would require phenomenal shielding, and until this difficulty is overcome,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS



OF SPACE EXPLORATION FOLLOWING THE LAUNCHING OF EARTH'S FIRST ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE.

it cannot hope to displace more conventional forms. None the less, many experts believe that we shall see manned space-ships long before the end of the present century, perhaps in the form suggested by Professor Krafft Ehrlicke—that of a delta-winged "satellite" which would skim and plunge alternately in such a way that impact with the residual upper air would never heat it beyond danger-point. Such a vehicle would need a rocket booster to make up velocity losses due to the drag of the upper atmosphere. The great manned space-stations, however, would be essential for the long trips to Mars, Venus or inter-planetary travel, may lie farther ahead. The station depicted above indicates the form such a development might well take. Its near-spherical shape enables it to be slowly

rotated, giving the crew some impression of weight; otherwise, they would float about while inside their tubular outpost. For those existing in this weightless region of space, special suits will have to be devised, and while at work outside the station the men will need a personal jet-propelling system or rocket pistol to give them the means of maneuvering. The next step is to develop the means of joining the middle sections of earth rockets, and after these units have been detached, the fore and aft sections are reassembled for the return journey to earth. The successful execution of the first space-station will be man's first leap to the moon: the second step will be the conquest of Mars. The next step is the conquest of distant galaxies, only those who sail the dark seas of the universe may tell us.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A FEW years ago I met for the first time an extremely handsome verbascum or mullein growing in one of the flower borders in the Old Court Nursery, at Colwall.

## VERBASCUM "BRUSA."

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

exception—that has been the name by which it has been universally known. I now find that my suspicions were justified.

I wrote to my friend, Mr. Wm. T. Stearn, at the British Museum (Natural History), who has sent me a full account of what the plant's name is, and where

it comes from. Let me quote from his letter. . . .

In 1952 I investigated its history and identity. According to Messrs. Maurice Prichard it was "introduced from Brusa, Asia Minor, by one of our customers, who brought us back seeds,

about 1930." They put it on the market as *Verbascum* "Brusa." "Brusa" is thus its home address. ["Brusa" is the accepted modern spelling of the town and area on the southern side of the Sea of Marmora.] Messrs. Prichard obligingly supplied me with good material, including the seeds, and I had no difficulty in identifying it by Murbeck's great monograph of verbascum as *V. bombyciferum* Boiss., which was indeed first described from near Bursa. I checked this identification by examining authentic material of *V. bombyciferum* in the Kew Herbarium. Messrs. Sutton sent me material of their *Verbascum* "Silver Spire," and that likewise proved to be *Verbascum bombyciferum*. The specific epithet refers to the dense silky hair-covering. You may like to note that the corolla is sulphur-yellow and the pollen cadmium-orange. As far as we know, *V. bombyciferum* is confined in a wild state to North-West Asia Minor. This species is one of the many which I have added to the "R.H.S. Dictionary Supplement," which should appear early in the New Year. I am very glad to be able to broadcast this authentic information as to the correct name of the fine species which for some twenty-five years has been going about under its "home address" in lieu of its correct personal name. It is easy enough to realise how this occurred. An amateur, probably, collected the seed in the wild, and by way of identification wrote on the envelope containing the seed first the name "verbascum," about which he had no doubt, followed by the district "Brusa," the district in which the plant was found. Thus, provisionally, the name became "*Verbascum brusa*" and that provisional and quite unauthentic name stuck for about twenty-five years, until—and, it seems, several others—began to question the name. And, alas, there is nothing like an incorrect name—especially a botanical plant name—for sticking. It will probably take at least half-a-century to wean *Verbascum bombyciferum* from

It was obviously a biennial monocarpic. It stood some 7 or 8 ft. tall, and both its great basal leaves and its towering flower spike were more densely and whitely woolly than in any verbascum I had ever met. It was labelled *Verbascum brusa*. In spite of the fact of its being that rather tiresome thing, a biennial, I ordered one, for it seemed to me that its tall and stately habit, together with its shining, silvery, silky costume and the big sulphur-yellow blossoms, with which its stems were studded, would afford ample compensation for the plant's inevitable collapse and death after flowering. That complete collapse of biennial plants after they have expended so much energy in building themselves up to the flowering stage, is a very great handicap and eventual disappointment. But, fortunately, many biennials—foxgloves, for instance, and Canterbury bells—are so splendid in their final burst of glory-before-death that one is compelled to grow them, time after time, content to forgive their somewhat morbid whim for Hara-kiri. But that first plant of *Verbascum brusa* that I bought never had the satisfaction of ending in collapse after a blaze of stately glory. In fact, it came to a rather sordid and completely inglorious end. Planted in a mixed border, it developed a huge rosette of broad, silky-white, Teddy-bear leaves, which promised well for flowering in a few months' time. Alas, disaster came in the shape of a vicious gale. Force forty at least. My *Verbascum brusa* was blown clean out of the ground and carried to the far end of the garden, where it lay at the foot of some evergreens looking, from the house, for all the world like a dead and dishevelled Aylesbury duck.

Later, I was given two or three young seedlings of *V. brusa* by a neighbour, with which to make a fresh start. One of these flowered this summer, and at its best was a very fine sight. Its main central stem reached a height of between 7 and 8 ft., and, in addition, there were about a dozen unbranched side-stems, each from 2 to 3 ft. long, rising at intervals from the central stem. The large sulphur-coloured blossoms are set almost stemless amid the dense, shining white, silky wool which clothes the stems, and they keep opening in almost endless succession for many weeks on end. In fact, even at the time of writing, in early November, I find that there are still a number of half-opened buds near the tops of the stems, all ready to expand in response to the warmth that they will never know.

Ever since I first made the acquaintance of this handsome verbascum I had never felt that its specific name *Brusa* was very convincing, although—with one



GROWING IN MR. ELLIOTT'S GARDEN: THE TALL WHITE AND YELLOW SPIRES OF THAT MULLEIN, WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR SOME TWENTY YEARS AS "VERBASCUM BRUSA." IT NOW APPEARS THAT ITS CORRECT NAME IS *VERBASCUM BOMBYCIFERUM* AND THAT "BRUSA" (OR, MORE CORRECTLY, "BURSA") IS MERELY THE DISTRICT IN NORTH-WEST TURKEY IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL PLANTS WERE FOUND.

### NOW ON SALE.

THE 1955 Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* is now on sale, and may be obtained from your newsagent or at any bookstall, price 3s. 6d., or direct (3s. 10d. post free) from the Publisher (Dept. LN.), Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

This year the familiar red-and-gold cover has a *trompe l'œil* painting, "The Green Bottle," inset, and the contents include a special section in colour-gravure of remarkable fidelity.

There are, in all, twenty-seven subjects in full colour and among these may be mentioned a double-page size reproduction of the portrait of H.M. the Queen, by Pietro Annigoni, that everyone will wish to keep; portraits of the beauty of early girlhood by Federigo Baroccio, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Weedon Grossmith; a group of fascinating *trompe l'œil* paintings; conversation-pieces and fairy-tale characters and scenes of Old England brought to life.

The *Illustrated London News* Christmas Number also contains a long detective-story by the well-known novelist Anthony Gilbert; and a hitherto unpublished account of Trafalgar from the French point of view, illustrated with French prints.

the false name "Brusa" which it has enjoyed for a mere quarter of a century.

A few days ago I noticed a number of plants, obviously verbascums, and looking uncommonly like *V. bombyciferum*, in two borders in my garden. They were not self-sown volunteers, and I certainly had not planted them myself. On enquiry I found that they had arrived whilst I was away from home in September, and had been planted by the custodian seen in the photograph fraternising with *V. bombyciferum* when it flowered here last summer. And very skilled planting it must have been too, for the young plants arrived during severe drought and heat-wave. To-day they are fine, hearty, well-established specimens. Unfortunately, I have only rather vague circumstantial evidence as to who the good friend was who sent the seedlings. I sincerely hope I have written to thank the right person. If not, I thank, here and now, and hope the thanks may find their right mark.





LIFE AT A GREAT ROMAN CATHOLIC PUBLIC SCHOOL: DOWNSIDE BOYS ATTENDING HIGH MASS ON SUNDAY MORNING IN THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

Next year Downside School will reach yet another milestone in its history—the 350th anniversary of its foundation at Douay, when the school, attached to the English Benedictine Community of St. Gregory, came into being to provide for English Roman Catholics the opportunities for education which were closed to them in their own country. At the time of the French Revolution the School was transferred to Acton Burnell, near Shrewsbury, and in 1814 it was removed

to Mount Pleasant, Downside, at Stratton-on-the-Fosse, near Bath. To-day the old square house is surrounded by school buildings which, with the Abbey church and the monastery, bear witness to the developments during the last 140 years. In 1955 the School numbers some 470 boys, who are divided into four houses, known as Caverel, Barlow, Roberts and Smythe. House masters, who are members of the monastic community, are in charge of the houses.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





A GREAT ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL WHICH WAS FOUNDED NEARLY 350 YEARS AGO IN FRANCE: DOWNSIDE SCHOOL, NEAR BATH—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE ABBEY CHURCH FROM A QUADRANGLE.

Since 1814, when St. Gregory's College found its final home at Downside, the school has grown from strength to strength. Despite many changes, particularly during the last twenty-five years, the public school framework is flexible enough for Downside still to bear a likeness to the independence of long ago and to retain its own individuality. Much has happened since those early nineteenth-century days when boys rose at 5.20 a.m. and had study and classes till breakfast at 8.30, and when the only season at which the School broke up and dispersed was in the summer for the

month of July. The first school at Downside opened in 1814 with twelve boys, who were soon joined by four others, and by 1818 the numbers were doubled, by 1902 there were 100 boys, by 1914 some 200, and the numbers continued to grow until by 1945 they had reached the 300 mark. Many new building projects were undertaken at Downside between the two world wars, and 1926 saw the opening of the Allan swimming-pool and squash courts; the Sheldon and Gleadell pavilion was opened in 1931, and the Science block with its libraries, laboratories, lecture rooms, classrooms,

art-room and private studies in 1932. The very heart of Downside, both of school and monastery, is the fine Abbey church with its tower which stands 166 ft. high to the top of the pinnacles and is the second highest tower in Somerset. In 1899 the monastery was raised to the rank of an Abbey and in 1935 the church received the dignity of a Minor Basilica by favour of Pope Pius XI. The nave of the Abbey church, designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, was built as a memorial to the Gregorians who were killed in World War I, and was opened in 1925. The vaulting of the choir

and nave is 70 ft. above the pavement and is thus higher than several of our English cathedrals. Immense as the Abbey church is, three more bays are projected to complete the Nave. Discussion constantly arises about the carrying power of the Abbey Bell, Great Bede, which can be heard from afar, some even claiming that it has been heard at Bath, a distance of some fourteen miles. The summit of the tower is some 780 ft. above sea-level, and from it, on a clear day, Cardiff, the Welsh mountains and the Bristol Channel may be seen.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





IN THE SCHOOL REFECTORY: BOYS OF CAVEREL AND BARLOW HOUSES HAVING LUNCH IN THE 75-FT.-LONG ROOM IN WHICH THERE WAS ONCE A PRACTICE, SINCE PERFORCE ABANDONED, OF EXPERTLY PROJECTING PATS OF BUTTER ON TO THE PITCHPINE CEILING.



THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY: THE HEADMASTER, THE REV. N. W. PASSMORE, PRESIDING AT THE DAILY EVENING ASSEMBLY OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL IN THE MAIN HALL. ON THESE OCCASIONS SCHOOL RULES ARE PUBLISHED OR RE-EMPHASISED, SCHOOL PREFECTS APPOINTED, AND FIRST XI. CRICKET AND FIRST XV. RUGGER COLOURS AND CAPS AWARDED.

**LIFE AT DOWNSIDE: LUNCHTIME IN THE REFECTORY; AND THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLY PRESIDED OVER BY THE HEADMASTER.**

Although there are four houses at Downside they are all under one roof, in different parts of the School, so that a boy's social life is not confined exclusively to members of his own House. The senior twenty boys of each House have private rooms. The teaching is done by members of the monastic Community, but secular masters are employed wherever necessary, especially for subjects such as languages and science. Cricket is played in summer and rugby football in the winter, and there are facilities for hockey, squash rackets, lawn tennis, swimming, athletics and fencing. In 1947 a pack of beagles was installed, an enterprise which has more than justified itself, and there are meets twice a

week during the season. Downside has long enjoyed a justifiable reputation for the excellence and diversity of its theatrical enterprises, and each House usually puts on a play once a year. While these plays range from Shakespeare and Euripides to slapstick farce and intimate revue, the acting and production remain of consistently high quality. Since 1933, with the exception of the war years, the Junior School has been at Worth Priory, in Sussex, where there are some 250 boys. The Rev. Nicholas Wilfrid Passmore, who is an Old Gregorian himself, has been headmaster of Downside School since 1946, when he succeeded Dom Christopher Butler who was enthroned as seventh Abbot of Downside.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A READER has paid me the compliment of laying before me what she describes as an unexplained mystery of many years' standing. Here, then, is the story which Mrs. Mary Lupton gives me permission to quote.

"My experience dates back to 1926, when my husband was an Assistant Master at Marlborough College. Modern Languages was his chief subject and by reason of this, and because we both loved travel, we spent both Easter and summer holidays abroad, often on foot and as far as possible off the beaten track.

"In April 1926 we planned to explore Rock villages in the mountains of Liguria, and from San Remo and Taggia, headed up a rough country road for a long day's walk to Triora, before taking to mountain tracks.

"It was very hot, and our road mounted steadily upwards, following a river all the way. Beyond Montallo, we were in a lonely stretch with high, steep mountain slopes to our right, and a steep descent on our left to the river, now far below. The mountain slopes were thick with the usual sweet-smelling 'scrub,' shoulder-high, with stunted trees.

"Suddenly I stopped, my attention riveted to the mountainside high above: I called my husband's attention — 'Who can be throwing that stick into the air?'

"Clear above the bushes at regular intervals appeared what looked like a black stick in the air which fell into the bushes and rose again lower down, the impression given was that, in that utterly desolate spot, unseen hands were throwing the stick up again immediately on falling. It came rapidly nearer, heading straight for us: just before its last two appearances above us, we both cried 'A snake!'

"Owing to the fact that the bank to our right was almost vertical rock, we had two last wonderful 'close-ups,' the creature being, owing to the slope, well above our heads. We judged it to be at least 5 ft. long, the usual 'thick as a man's arm,' with conspicuous white under-belly as it soared rigid for the moment. Then it hurled itself on to the road a few yards beyond where we stood, coiled, and sprang down the steep descent pursuing its frantic course for a short period, then disappearing from our sight, doubtless in a glide down to the river, leaving us to walk on in astonishment."

Mrs. Lupton continues, in her letter, how on their return to England they told of their experience to a scientist of repute, who listened with interest to their story. He replied that he knew of the existence of certain large snakes in Liguria, but knew of none that could progress in that particular way. She tried the story later on two eminent naturalists. The first listened politely, but, as she says, it was obvious he was of the opinion that no European snake was so constructed that it could leave the ground in this manner. The other merely asked: "Are you sure it was a snake?" As to whether a European snake can do such a thing, Mrs. Lupton is emphatic that this snake could, and did. Moreover, both she and her husband were privileged to have a clear and close-up

### JUMPING SNAKES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

view which left no doubt as to the true nature of this animated stick.

My first impulse on reading, or hearing, a story of this remarkable kind is to try to assess its value, to decide whether it rings true. Next, I try to think of an alternative explanation, or some argument based on sound knowledge which may expose the weakness in the story. If it passes these tests, then I accept the story, tentatively at least, and proceed to muster such evidence as may support it. In this instance, it is

far ordinary snakes can do this I do not know, but there are more unlikely things than that.

Then come such questions as: Would a snake need to progress in this way? Is its normal method of locomotion not sufficiently speedy? Did it gain anything from moving in this manner? If not, why should it do it? To these questions there is no ready answer, so we turn to the next line of speculation, namely, whether this method of progression is physically possible. One thinks of the strength in an eel's body and of the remarkable things this fish is known to do. Then there are the remarkable leaps made by salmon in surmounting waterfalls on their breeding migrations, and with these we can couple the extra-

ordinary vertical leap of a porpoise 18 ft. out of the water. If a porpoise with more weight to lift can leap 18 ft. from little more than a standing start, it does not seem improbable that a snake can do something similar with the advantage of the firm ground from which to take off. As to the necessary rigidity, many snakes can strike with the hind end of the body wrapped round a branch, throwing the body out in a straight line, and holding it thus rigid for a while. Finally, one thinks of the flying-snake of India, its name being derived from an ability to glide. According to H. W. Parker, in the "Standard Natural History": "If one of these creatures is frightened when in its natural haunts, it will literally fling itself into the air, and, with the body held rigid, make a comparatively gentle descent to the earth and possible safety." It is important to notice, also, that "there is no special mechanism, as in the flying-lizards, but, by pushing the ribs outward to their full extent and drawing in the belly, a large concave surface is produced which checks the fall considerably and converts it into a rapid glide." It may be that "pushing the ribs outward" in the Liguria snake gave rise to the comment "as thick as a man's arm."

A colleague tells of meeting, just after the war, a man who served in South-East Asia. He began his story with the words: "I know you won't believe me, nobody ever does . . ." Then he proceeded to tell of seeing a snake progressing in vertical leaps along a road, with its body coiled as in a corkscrew.

F. W. Fitzsimons, in "Snakes" (page 273), says: "According to popular belief (i.e., in South Africa), snakes are invested with phenomenal powers of leaping and travelling. 'True as God's in heaven,' declared a citrus farmer, 'I saw a Puff Adder leap at me right over one of my orange trees, and it fell at my feet. . . .' Another fellow, who owned a farm at Addo, staunchly asserted he was walking along the bed of a dry water-furrow when a Puff

Adder leapt from the bank at him. . . ." But Fitzsimons himself points to the fact that snakes in zoos and on snake farms never leap the walls of their enclosures. Can we be so sure? In any event, animals in captivity and those in the wild are different beings. It is doubtful whether a salmon ever makes a prodigious leap where there is no waterfall. In other words, it could be that no snake in captivity has the necessary conditions for unusual behaviour, but being well-fed and cared for, is content to accept life as it finds it.



"CLEAR ABOVE THE BUSHES AT REGULAR INTERVALS APPEARED WHAT LOOKED LIKE A BLACK STICK IN THE AIR . . .": A RECONSTRUCTION BY OUR ARTIST OF MRS. MARY LUPTON'S ACCOUNT OF AN UNUSUAL EPISODE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF LIGURIA, IN NORTH-WEST ITALY, WHEN SHE AND HER HUSBAND SAW A SNAKE SPRINGING DOWN A STEEP DESCENT IN A SERIES OF SOARING JUMPS. THE INSET DRAWING SHOWS THE SNAKE MAKING ITS NEXT "TAKE-OFF" AFTER IT HAD HURLED ITSELF ON TO THE ROAD. MRS. LUPTON'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE IS DISCUSSED BY DR. BURTON IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker.

impossible to think of any other natural phenomenon which could have misled the two observers. And added to this it is difficult to believe that any two observers would fail to recognise a snake from a few yards' distance. There are 5-ft. snakes in Liguria, but not snakes "thick as a man's arm." This may be a figure of speech or it may be an accurate observation. It would not be inconsistent with the behaviour of the snake to suppose that the body was blown-up or otherwise distorted, to give added rigidity. How





A REMARKABLE SCHEME LINKING THE PINELLAS AND MANATEE COUNTIES ON THE WEST COAST OF FLORIDA: A VIEW OF THE "SUNSHINE SKYWAY," SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE MANATEE APPROACH WITH THE "PICNIC AREA," AND THE MAIN SPAN IN THE BACKGROUND.



A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL SECTION OF THE FOUR-MILE-LONG MAIN SPAN OF THE "SUNSHINE SKYWAY." THIS SECTION ALLOWS A MINIMUM VERTICAL CLEARANCE OF 141½ FT. FOR SHIPPING IN THE TAMPA BAY. A TOLL IS CHARGED FOR THE USE OF THE ROADWAY.

#### A ROADWAY OVER THE SEA: THE "SUNSHINE SKYWAY," WHICH LINKS THE WEST COAST OF FLORIDA ACROSS TAMPA BAY.

The newly-completed "Sunshine Skyway" joins the Pinellas and Manatee Counties on the west coast of Florida. It crosses Tampa Bay from Maximo Point, in the city of St. Petersburg, to its southern terminus about four miles north of Bradenton, where it joins U.S. Highway 541. In all, the project is some fifteen miles long. Eleven miles of this cross the water of the bay, two miles run across Terra Ceia Island, half a mile crosses Terra Ceia Bay, and there are one-and-a-half miles of approach road on the mainland. Structurally, the crossing is divided into eleven sections. Six of these are paved embankments,

which are joined by five bridges, the longest of which is the 22,373-ft. bridge over the Tampa Bay ship channel. This allows a clearance of 800 ft. horizontally and a minimum vertical clearance of 141½ ft. above the mean low-water level. The roadway throughout is 28 ft. wide, with pavements varying in width from 2 to 3 ft. The pavements are required not so much for normal pedestrians as for "the fishermen who festoon every bridge in Florida." The "Sunshine Skyway" was opened in September 1954. It took some four years to complete at a total cost of 21,250,000 dollars.





SPANNING RAILWAY TRACKS, THE WIDE BRITON FERRY MARINE DOCK AND INDUSTRIAL SIDINGS: THE NEATH VIADUCT, LEADING TO THE NEATH RIVER BRIDGE, PART OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN AT THE RIGHT EXTREMITY OF THE CARRIAGEWAY. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE VIADUCT SECTION HAD BEEN COMPLETED.



THE NEATH RIVER SITE BEFORE WORK COMMENCED. A WIDE VARIETY OF GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS COMPLICATED THE ENGINEERS' TASK. THE NEW COUNTY ROAD CAN BE SEEN SWEEPING AWAY FROM THE TOP CENTRE, READY TO LINK WITH THE BRIDGE.



THE STARTING-POINT OF A NEW HIGHWAY: THE VIADUCT, SEEN FROM THE BRITON FERRY ROUNDABOUT, WHERE IT JOINS THE A48 ROAD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY, PERFORMED BY THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT.



PROVIDING AN OVERALL PICTURE OF THE VIADUCT AND BRIDGE: A MODEL, SHOWING THE BRITON FERRY ROUNDABOUT (EXTREME RIGHT), THE VIADUCT, THE CUTTING AND THE NEATH RIVER. THE ROAD GOING NORTH FROM THE LEFT ROUNDABOUT IS THE PROJECTED HIGHWAY TO LON-LAS: THE OTHER IS THE NEW COUNTY ROAD TO SWANSEA, ALREADY BUILT.

THE NEATH RIVER BRIDGE, THE LARGEST BUILT IN BRITAIN SINCE THE WAR: PART OF A NEWLY-OPENED BY-PASS SYSTEM.

A major step in the Government's programme for improving Britain's roadways was completed when, on October 31, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, Mr. Boyd-Carpenter, opened the Neath River bridge and viaduct. Until then, traffic from London to Swansea had made a twelve-mile detour through Neath. The new high-level road shortens the journey by six miles; later it will be extended to Lon-Las, as part of the London-Cardiff-Fishguard Trunk Road. Starting at the eastern end with the large Briton Ferry roundabout forming a junction with the A 48, the road rises gently on the 972-ft.-long viaduct with eleven spans, crossing the main London and Fishguard railway line, the wide Briton Ferry marine dock and the industrial sidings alongside. A short cutting brings the

road on to the bridge, nearly 2000 ft. long and with seventeen spans, over more railway sidings, the Jersey Canal, the Neath River itself and the wide saltings which form its western bank. The new bridge, the largest built in Britain since the war, is a steel plate girder cantilever structure on concrete piers with very deep foundations. The graceful arch of the centre span has a clearance of 95 ft. to allow ships to pass. The resilient nature of the structure can be felt when heavy vehicles cross it. The viaduct and bridge carry two wide carriageways, cycle tracks and footpaths. The consulting engineers were Messrs. Rendel, Palmer and Tritton, with Sir Percy Thomas, P.P.R.I.B.A., as consulting architect; the work was carried out by the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co. Ltd., of Darlington.



# HEROD'S FORTRESS-PALACE OF MASADA: HOW THE STRONGHOLD—THE SCENE OF THE LAST STAND OF THE JEWISH REVOLT, 1900 YEARS AGO—WAS FORTIFIED, ADORNED AND SUPPLIED WITH WATER.

The second of two articles by Dr. M. AVI-YONAH, Lecturer in Archaeology, Hebrew University, Jerusalem.

In our last issue, DR. AVI-YONAH told the history of the rock-fortress of Masada, the story of its modern discovery and identification and gave an account of the first major survey of it conducted in March this year by an expedition sponsored by the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, the Israel Exploration Society and the Israel Department of Antiquities. Briefly to summarise: Masada is a great rock rising steeply on most aspects about 1000 ft. from the Dead Sea Plain. Sometime between 161 and 143 B.C. Jonathan Maccabeus built a small fort there; in 37-4 B.C. King Herod extensively fortified it and built a palace on the summit; and after the fall of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, about a thousand Zealots held out in Masada for three years against a Roman army of about 15,000, finally committing suicide rather than submit to the Romans. In the previous article (which was illustrated by a map), DR. AVI-YONAH described the Roman camps and wall at the foot and the huge siege mound with which the Romans eventually forced the stronghold; the storehouses on the summit; the means of approach; and began the description of the highest point at the northern end of the fortress and the building that was placed there overhanging two terraces. He continues the account:

SEVENTY FEET below the building on the summit at the north end of the rock the upper of the two terraces was reached. It had been partly cut in rock and partly built up into a platform 60 ft. square. On this platform rested the double concentric walls of a round tower, 45 ft. in diameter (Fig. 1). The walls were built round an outcrop of rock; where the rock reached down, a plastered floor was found at a depth of 14 ft. The space between the concentric walls was also paved, the pavement descending from 11 to 15 ft. in depth. The walls were crowned by a flat parapet. So far, the purpose of this peculiar construction remains a mystery.

Thirty feet below this "tower" was another terrace, built up by a series of vaults into a platform about 50 ft. square. In its centre was an open court surrounded by a peristyle with a double row of columns. A balustrade (Fig. 2) went round the inner court, separating it from the peristyle, including pedestals on which stood the inner row of columns. The balustrade was painted in geometric patterns of various colours (red, green, brown, etc.); similar frescoes decorated the north wall of the peristyle (Fig. 5), which leaned upon the rock. The L-shaped corner pilasters were particularly elaborate; they were formed by four quarter columns attached to a core; the straight stucco surfaces were divided into an imitation of Herodian stone dressing. The capitals (Figs. 5 and 6) in this construction were throughout in the classical Corinthian style. They were cut of sandstone and whitewashed; the columns had a sandstone core composed of many drums; but the flutings and bases were of moulded stucco. The roof of the peristyle was made of plaster held in place by reeds. The whole building rested partly on rock and partly on vaulted cellars, which were approached by a staircase; they were as yet left unexplored. An enormous retaining

wall 90 ft. high (Fig. 3) held up the whole construction on the north-east side.

A most interesting discovery was made in the last days of the survey. The problem of the connection between the three levels of the north face of Masada has been naturally exercising our interest from the beginning. It was now found these connections were

made by two staircases (Fig. 4), constructed on identical principles; a shorter one between the two lower terraces and a longer one from the "tower" terrace to the top of the rock. Both began by steps cut in the rock and plastered over, which wound round a rock core; higher up they continued with steps in wood, some of which were found *in situ* owing to the dry climate of Masada. The staircases continued in the one case by a sloping corridor and in the other by another, higher staircase. Both staircases were protected from the outside by a wall.

A comparison of these remains with Josephus' description seems to identify them as Herod's Palace on Masada "beneath the ramparts on the crest and inclining towards the north." One should, of course, remember that although Josephus might have seen Masada from the outside while he stayed with the Essenes at En-gedi, he would hardly have been admitted inside a fortress garrisoned by the Romans. He must therefore have relied in his description on hearsay reports, and possibly on the official relation of the siege made by Silva. This would explain the discrepancies between the description and the facts as discovered by the survey. Thus although the palace contained colonnades and rooms paved with mosaics, the columns were not "monolithic," as Josephus has it—but their plastered surfaces might make them seem so to a superficial observer. What clinches the identification is the discovery of the staircases hidden from the outside; they must represent the "sunk road which led from the palace to the summit of the hill, imperceptible from without." The three units surveyed and partly excavated seem to have formed an integrated whole. The peristyle court on the lowest terrace could only have served as a banqueting hall, with the service rooms attached to it. The view from it is breath-taking; the conception and execution of this building on a ledge overhanging an abyss betray their origin in the bold and cruel mind of King Herod. Obviously, however, this hall could not serve as a living-place. This was the task of the house on the summit, which could house the King and his familiars; the rest of the court must have been accommodated in the big house near the west gate. The  $\Pi$ -shaped corridor round the three small sleeping chambers could very well serve the guards watching over the King. The house itself seems, however, to have been pre-Herodian in date, because of its smallness, simplicity and various architectural details. Herod seems to have added the mosaic pavements and the retaining wall on the south.

The whole area examined bore numerous traces of the conflagration which put an end to Masada: blackened walls, pieces of charred wood, discoloured frescoes, etc., were abundant everywhere.

The paucity of the rainfall on Masada (3 ins. annually) made the water supply

of the fortress a problem of extreme urgency. Before Herod it happened that the besieged were almost forced to capitulate for lack of water. According to Josephus, Herod therefore "had cut in the rock numerous large tanks both on the summit and about the palace, as also before the wall, thus procuring a supply as ample as where springs are available." The survey not only noted the two big cisterns cut in the summit (Fig. 10), but another one of the same size cut in the rock-face between the summit and the upper terrace. Near this cistern, which must have served the needs of the "palace," was a rock-cut bath chamber, with steps descending to a trough. This was not all, however. A zigzagging path descended to two rows of big

[Continued opposite.



FIG. 1. THE ROUND TOWER ON THE NORTHERNMOST SPUR OF THE ROCK OF MASADA. THIS TOWER IS PERCHED ON A TERRACE, PARTLY CUT OUT OF THE ROCK, PARTLY BUILT UP, AND HANGS LIKE AN EAGLE'S EYRIE ABOUT 1000 FT. ABOVE THE DEAD SEA PLAIN, IN WHICH THE SQUARE OF A ROMAN SIEGE-CAMP CAN BE SEEN.



FIG. 2. THE BALUSTRADE SURROUNDING THE HALL AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE ROCK, LOOKING WESTWARD. IN THE CENTRE MIDDLE DISTANCE CAN BE SEEN THE FOOT OF THE ROMAN SIEGE-MOUND. ON THE PLASTERED PILASTERS IN THE FOREGROUND ARE TRACES OF GEOMETRIC FRESCO PAINTING.



## A DESERT PALACE-STRONGHOLD OF 2000 YEARS AGO: ASPECTS OF MASADA.



FIG. 3. A GREAT RETAINING WALL, 90 FT. HIGH, BUILT IN HERODIAN TIMES ON THE NORTH-EAST SIDE OF THE ROCK TO SUPPORT THE PALACE BUILDINGS ABOVE.



FIG. 4. PART OF THE "MASKED" STAIRCASE WHICH LINKED THE THREE LEVELS OF THE NORTH FACE. MAINLY OF PLASTERED ROCK, BUT CONTAINING WOOD.

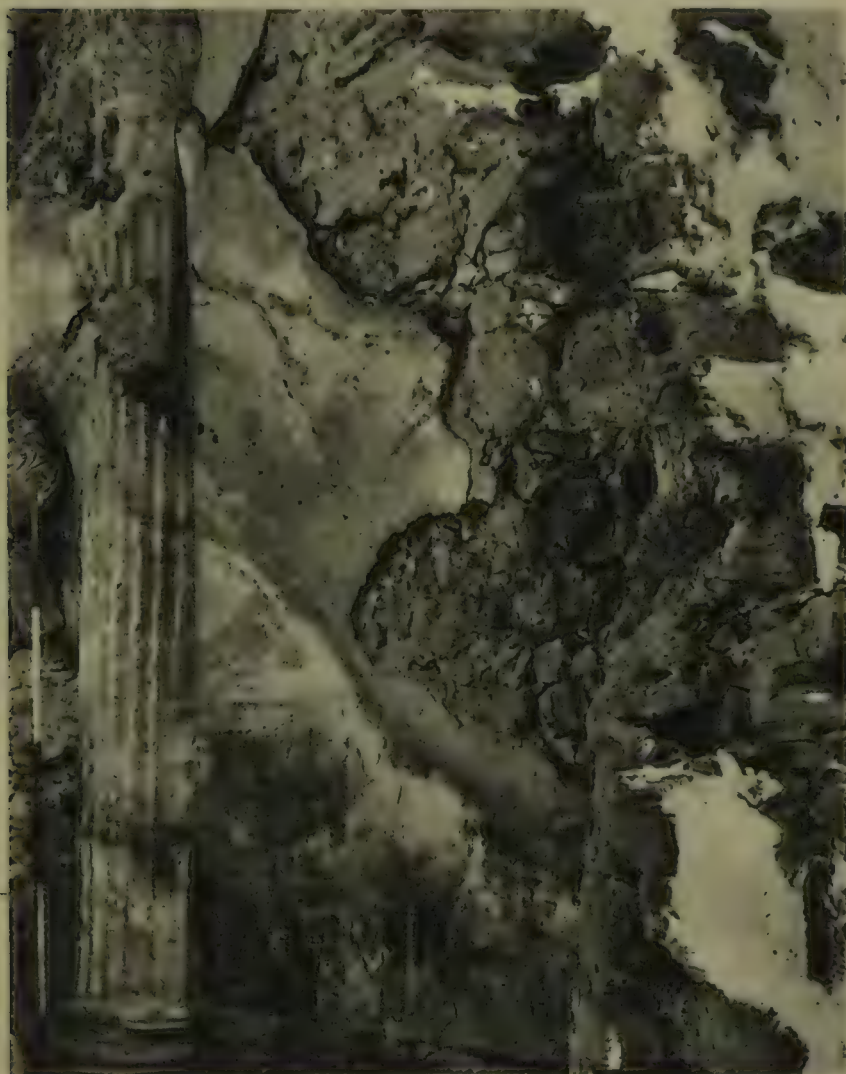


FIG. 5. A CORINTHIAN COLUMN OF THE PERISTYLE OF THE HERODIAN PALACE ON THE SUMMIT. BESIDE IT CAN BE SEEN PLASTER PAINTED WITH GEOMETRIC PATTERNS.

*Continued.*

rock-cut cisterns (Fig. 7) at a level below the "palace"; from there water must have been brought by hand or by animal to fill the upper cisterns. The lower rows of cisterns were fed from the *wadis* by a rock-cut aqueduct (Figs. 8 and 9), which crossed one rivulet on an arched bridge; the water was drawn off by dams in the river-beds. In all, the storage capacity at Masada has been calculated at 8,000,000 gallons. The purposes of our survey were obviously only exploratory; it is hoped to undertake in future years a full-scale excavation of the place; owing to its remoteness from the settled area and the dry climate, one might hope for much light on the period of King Herod and the Jewish War. (Further illustrations overleaf.)



FIG. 6. A DETAIL OF ONE OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITALS FROM THE PERISTYLE OF THE PALACE. THIS SHOWS CLEARLY THE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION—THE SANDSTONE CORE OVERLAID WITH MOULDED PLASTER.





FIG. 7. ONE OF THE VAST UNDERGROUND CISTERNS CUT INTO THE NORTH-WEST SIDE OF THE ROCK TO SUPPLY THE GARRISON WITH WATER. THIS WAS FED FROM THE WADI BY MEANS OF AN AQUEDUCT AND, IN ANTIQUITY, FILLED TO THE BRIM.



FIG. 8. ON THE BEETLING NORTH-WEST FACE OF THE ROCK: THE REMAINS OF THE ROCK-CUT AQUEDUCT MADE ON HEROD'S ORDERS TO SUPPLY THE UNDERGROUND CISTERNS (FIG. 7).



FIG. 9. HERE THE AQUEDUCT WHICH FED THE CISTERNS FROM THE WADI CROSSES A MINOR STREAM ON A STONE-BUILT ARCHED BRIDGE, BETWEEN THE TWO FIGURES.

#### HOW HEROD MADE A FORTRESS NEARLY IMPREGNABLE: THE CISTERNS AND AQUEDUCTS OF MASADA.

On the two previous pages Dr. M. Avi-Yonah, of the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, concludes his account (which began in our last issue) of this year's survey of the amazing fortress rock of Masada, in the Dead Sea Plain. This fortress was the scene of the last stand of the Jewish Zealots of the first Jewish Revolt against the Romans (A.D. 66-73), for it was here that about a thousand men, with a few

women and children, held out for three years against a Roman army of about 15,000, until, when their last wall was breached, all the men committed suicide together, sooner than submit to the Romans. Masada, from its fantastic position, is a natural stronghold; but it had been rendered well-nigh impregnable by the works of King Herod in 37-4 B.C. Its one weakness, in the case of siege, lay

[Continued opposite.





FIG. 10. INSIDE THE GREAT CISTERN CUT IN THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK AND DESIGNED TO SUPPLY A THOUSAND MEN FOR A YEAR'S SIEGE. IN HEROD'S TIME THIS WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM, MAINLY BY HAND FROM THE OTHER CISTERNS AND ALSO FROM INFREQUENT RAINFALL. A HUMAN FIGURE GIVES THE SCALE.

NOW A VAST CAVERN LIT WITH A SINGLE RAY OF LIGHT—BUT, 1900 YEARS AGO, THE MEANS OF A THOUSAND MEN'S RESISTANCE FOR THREE YEARS TO A ROMAN ARMY: ONE OF THE GREAT CISTERNS OF MASADA.

[Continued.]

in the fact that it stands in the middle of a desert in an area of negligible rainfall. To offset this, Herod built on the summit storehouses to hold supplies of food for an army of 1000 for a period of a year; and excavated a series of water-cisterns on a colossal scale—two of which we illustrate on these two pages. Some of these cisterns were cut in the side of rock below the summit; and to fill them an aqueduct

was cut and built leading from a near-by *wadi*, which was dammed to provide water supplies. On the summit of the rock itself, and inside the fortification wall, deep covered cisterns such as that shown in Fig. 10 were cut and these were filled brimful with water brought by hand from the other cisterns and, presumably, with what little rain fell on the summit of the rock.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## EVERY INCH A QUEEN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE just seen, in two very different plays, two performances, not equally satisfying, but each by an actress of the first rank. What links them is the attribute of regality, queenliness. In one part it comes naturally, for the actress is playing Hermione (daughter of the Emperor of Russia), the Queen of Leontes of Sicilia in "The Winter's Tale" (Old Vic). In the other part the actress presents a courtesan who is mistaken for a Queen, and who finds herself, when in extremity, behaving as royally as a Queen should—a spiritual transformation.

This second piece is "The Queen and the Rebels" at the Haymarket, one of three plays by the late Ugo

sentence that I had "seen" a performance. That, no doubt, appeared to be the wrong word, for it is vitally important to *hear* Hermione. Agreed. It would be hard, I admit, to make much claim for Wendy Hiller's rendering of Shakespearean verse. She is not a fluent speaker, though one knows that she has studied earnestly—striven, for example, to give its full four syllables to such a word as "conclusion." She beats her way through the speeches as if thrusting aside thorn-bush after thorn-bush. Still, if she is not a model Shakespearean actress, she does present a suffering woman. That is why I am likely to recall this Hermione when some more practised speakers are dim in memory. The Queen who stands in court before Leontes is no dignified statue: her statuesque period is more than an hour (or sixteen years) later. She is a woman cruelly wronged, brought from prison in her extremity of grief. At this stage Wendy Hiller looks as Hermione should look—and not many actresses bother about this. Her speaking can disconcert. It is knotty, wrenched; but it does wrench at the heart. Although I have always held profoundly that Shakespearean verse is to be spoken and not chopped up like suet, I cannot—in honesty—condemn Wendy Hiller. She feels so deeply; the audience is with her—certainly I am with her—and to communicate the intense grief of Hermione was surely Shakespeare's first desire.

It is, I think, the merit of Michael Benthall's revival that we do get the feeling of "The Winter's Tale." In finding this production imaginative, I differ from some of my colleagues. It stays for me in one piece, even if none of the performances will remain as a nonpareil. Paul Rogers acts Leontes with his usual solid worth. True, we want more, but the player moves ably through the smouldering torments (and,

by the way, manipulates his royal cloak so skilfully that I was reminded of James Agate's tale of an actress's Oberon in Regent's Park. As he watched Oberon's long train snaking around a sinuous path, Agate's companion remarked, in effect, "She'll never do it unless she goes into reverse"). I thought Mr. Rogers was best in the Trial scene when he refused to look at Hermione, and least impressive in the autumnal reconciliation: pathos eludes him.

John Neville, though he may not call Autolycus his favourite part, is nimble and ready, knows how to mince his vowels, and snaps up as many unconsidered trifles as I can remember; Margaret Rawlings, refusing



"THE AUTHOR SHOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR JOAN DUAN'S POISE AND WARMTH IN AN UNCOMMONLY AWKWARD PART": "THE SHORT SPRING" (NEW LINDSEY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) MR. JERROLD (MICHAEL DUFFIELD); NORAH JAMES (HILDA BRAID); MRS. JERROLD (JOAN DUAN) AND GEORGE JAMES (CLIFFORD COX). THE PLAY, BY TONI BLOCK, TELLS OF THE LOT "OF THE SMALL-TOWN WIFE-AND-MOTHER WHO, IN HER YOUTH, WAS THE 'PALE GOLDEN GIRL' OF A DEAD GENIUS."

Betti planned for the autumn season in London. I have already reviewed the Arts production of that too-contrived drama, "The Burnt Flower-Bed." The Haymarket play is far more exciting—and this, I admit, comes as a surprise to me after having heard it on the air a year ago. I have the greatest admiration for the craft of sound-radio; it can stir the imagination uncannily, and—for example—the "Between Two Worlds" series, now in progress, is a constant challenge. But I realised, at the Haymarket première, that "The Queen and the Rebels" has an uncommon visual quality: that one must *see* the actress of Argia, the mock-Queen who goes to her death at daybreak.

Irene Worth is an actress who identifies herself entirely with the part. There is no question here—as there is too often—of a voice being the voice of the character while the rest of the body belongs, too clearly, to the clever Miss A. or Miss B. Irene Worth acts from within, and it is entralling to watch Argia as—caught, in an intricate trap—she changes from that humiliated, defiant "daughter of the game," with "language in her eye, her cheek, her lip," to the woman who, doomed to death as a Queen, feels a new self-respect, a new dignity. The actress does not toy with the part, nibble at its edges. This is a full-scale performance that, at the première, roused its Haymarket audience to a long ovation.

I will not here unravel Betti's plot. You should observe, in the theatre, how Argia assumes her-masquerade in a world torn by revolution. The scene is another of Betti's frontiers. It is enough to know that the land is on fire and that a victim is sought. I would not call it an important play, but it has this sharp chance for a dramatic actress, and such players as Leo McKern—a fanatic of silk and steel—and Gwendoline Watford (in the pathos of the true Queen who has lost her nerve in long years of torment) serve Betti as well, we feel, as he could have desired.

So forward to the griefs of Hermione at the Old Vic. I said in the first



"THE REVIVAL, I SUGGEST, SHOULD NOT BE UNDER-VALUED": "THE WINTER'S TALE" (OLD VIC), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH PERDITA (ZENA WALKER) SPEAKS OF THE VIRTUE OF SUMMER FLOWERS TO THE GATHERING OF FRIENDS AT THE SHEEP-SHEARING AT HER FATHER'S HOUSE.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE QUEEN AND THE REBELS" (Haymarket).—Irene Worth as the woman who goes to her death as a Queen—a masquerade that turns to tragedy—gives one of the most sharply dramatic performances by an actress in the West End during the last decade. The play, by the late Ugo Betti in Henry Reed's translation, is efficiently composed, and the acting of such artists as Leo McKern, Gwendoline Watford, and Duncan Lamont helps it to assured success. It was illustrated in last week's issue. (October 26.)

"THE SHORT SPRING" (New Lindsey).—Toni Block, who wrote "No Flowers For The Living," has a far less sure touch in this artificial comedy about a sudden mingling of past and present in what is called "the Jerrold residence" in a small town near London. With one exception, the acting was, I fear, as artificial as the play, but the author should be grateful for Joan Duan's poise and warmth in an uncommonly awkward part. (October 27.)

"THE WINTER'S TALE" (Old Vic).—Once again Sicilia and Bohemia, the gulf of sixteen years, the statue scene, all the trials of a difficult play. Michael Benthall has answered the problems and unified his production. Though we may have seen all the parts better acted, we can admire the feeling of Wendy Hiller's Hermione and the charged fury of Paul Rogers (Leontes) in the trial scene. The revival, I suggest, should not be under-valued. (November 1.)



"THE QUEEN WHO STANDS IN COURT BEFORE LEONTES IS NO DIGNIFIED STATUE... SHE IS A WOMAN CRUELLY WRONGED...": HERMIONE (WENDY HILLER) APPEARS TO ANSWER A CHARGE OF ADULTERY MADE AGAINST HER BY LEONTES (PAUL ROGERS) IN A SCENE FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE." THE OFFICER OF THE COURT (RONALD ALLEN) PREPARES TO READ THE CHARGE AGAINST HER.

to turn Paulina into an animated stinging-nettle, commends the woman to me more than many actresses have done; and in Bohemia—a stylised world furnished elaborately in straw—Zena Walker makes a living girl of a Perdita, "queen of curds and cream," who is not too niminy-piminy to be out of the same village with Mopsa and Dorcas.

If not a major revival of a difficult play, it does contrive to knit together the Sicilian and the Bohemian scenes and to make us feel for the people of one of the wildest of legendary anecdotes. Mr. Benthall does not shirk the bear, and I was not tempted to laugh at it; but this scene has been managed better elsewhere. By the way, the Antigonus (whose final speech is trimmed) said—or I was deceived—"Perdita, fare thee well." I regretted the loss of "Blossom, speed thee well!" but maybe that is too niggly.

One character (seen) and another (unseen) govern "The Short Spring" at the New Lindsey. We see a lot of the small-town wife-and-mother who, in her youth, was the "pale golden girl" of a dead genius called, alarmingly, N. Brandon Higgs; and we hear a very great deal of the genius himself who, I fear, could hardly have written his own name on a luggage-label. This business of building up a character from the past can be tedious when we are aware all too soon that the man is pasteboard, anyway. I thought that the play defied a struggling company, but there was one gratifying exception. Joan Duan, the former "pale golden girl," has charm, intelligence, and a voice to express them, and I look forward to meeting her—soon, I hope—in a part that is less obstinately artificial.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**SOCIALIST CHIEF WHIP FROM 1942-55:  
THE LATE MR. W. WHITELEY.**

Mr. William Whiteley, who died on November 3, aged seventy-three, was Socialist Chief Whip in the House of Commons from 1942 until he resigned just before the start of the present session of Parliament. He started life as a miner in a Durham colliery and never lost his interest in public affairs in Durham. He was M.P. for Blaydon, Durham, from 1922-31 and since 1935. He was made a Companion of Honour in 1948.



**DEATH OF A FAMOUS FRENCH ARTIST:  
MAURICE UTRILLO.**

The famous French painter, M. Maurice Utrillo, died on Nov. 5, at the age of seventy-one. He was best known for his striking paintings of street scenes in which even bare wall surfaces were brought to life. He was notorious for his Bohemian way of life, which resulted in continuous bad health, and a certain instability of mind.



**A DISTINGUISHED ADMINISTRATOR: THE  
LATE SIR RONALD STORRS.**

Sir Ronald Storrs, who died on Nov. 1, aged seventy-three, had a long and distinguished career in the Near and Middle East. T. E. Lawrence referred to him as "the most brilliant Englishman in the Near East." He was Governor of Jerusalem and Judea from 1917-26; Governor of Cyprus from 1926-32, and Governor of Northern Rhodesia from 1932-34.



**FORMER EDITOR OF THE SCOTSMAN:  
THE LATE MR. J. MURRAY WATSON.**

Mr. James Murray Watson, who was editor of the Scotsman for eleven years until his retirement last August, died on November 2, aged sixty-seven. He joined the staff of the Weekly Scotsman in 1912 and later that year was appointed assistant editor of the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch. In 1924 he became chief assistant editor of the Scotsman when Sir George Waters became editor, and succeeded the latter upon his retirement.



**THE NEW KEEPER OF MANU-  
SCRIPTS, B.M.:  
DR. BERTRAM SCHOFIELD.**

It was announced on November 2 that the Principal Trustees of the British Museum had appointed Mr. Bertram Schofield, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., as Keeper of the Department of Manuscripts in succession to Mr. A. J. Collins, who is retiring at the end of this year. Dr. Schofield, who joined the Museum in 1922, is a leading authority on musical MSS. Mr. Collins, who has been Keeper and Egerton Librarian since 1947, has specialised in mediaeval liturgical and historical studies. He joined the British Museum staff in 1919.



**THE RETIRING KEEPER OF  
MANUSCRIPTS, B.M.:  
MR. A. J. COLLINS.**



**THE NEW COALITION GOVERNMENT IN ISRAEL: THE PRIME MINISTER  
AND MINISTER OF DEFENCE, MR. BEN-GURION (RIGHT), AND THE  
FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. SHARETT.**

On November 2 Mr. David Ben-Gurion, who has recently been seriously ill, presented his five-Party Coalition Government to the Knesset. Nine of the sixteen members of the Cabinet are from Mr. Ben-Gurion's own Party, the Mapai. Among these are Mr. Moshe Sharett, who is Minister for Foreign Affairs. There are two members from each of the Left Wing Parties, the Ahdut Avoda and the Mapam; two from the orthodox Mizrahi-Hapoel Mizrahi group; and one from the centre party Progressives. Mr. Ben-Gurion was the first Prime Minister of Israel, and resigned in December 1954, when Mr. Sharett took over as Prime Minister.



**TO BE KEEPER OF EGYPTIAN  
ANTIQUITIES, B.M.:  
MR. I. E. S. EDWARDS.**

It was announced on November 2 that following the retirement of Dr. C. J. Gadd from the Keepership of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, this Department was being divided into two: Egyptian Antiquities; and Western Asiatic Antiquities. Mr. I. E. S. Edwards, M.A., F.S.A., has been appointed Keeper of Egyptian Antiquities. He is a leading Egyptologist, well known for his book on the Pyramids. Mr. R. D. Barnett, who becomes Keeper of Western Asiatic Antiquities, is a specialist in antiquities of the Near East.



**TO BE KEEPER OF WESTERN  
ASIATIC ANTIQUITIES, B.M.:  
MR. R. D. BARNETT.**



**NEW CHAIRMAN OF  
BLACKBURN AND  
GENERAL AIRCRAFT:  
MR. ERIC TURNER.**

Mr. Eric Turner joined Blackburn and General Aircraft Ltd., as Chief Accountant in 1946. At the age of thirty-seven he has now been appointed Chairman of the company in succession to the late Mr. Robert Blackman. In 1948 he was appointed Company Secretary. He became a Director in 1950 and Managing Director in 1951, a position which he will continue to hold.

**AN EAST LONDON  
MAGISTRATE  
RETIRES: SIR BASIL  
HENRIQUES.**

Chairman of East London Juvenile Court for nineteen years, Sir Basil Henriques retired on October 31, having reached the statutory retiring age of sixty-five. His association with the youth of East London goes back to 1914, when he founded his first juvenile club. The officials of the East London Juvenile Court are to present him with a portrait painted by Miss June Mendoza.



**THE U.N. PALESTINE TRUCE SUPERVISOR:  
MAJ.-GEN. BURNS (R.) CALLS ON MR. NUTTING.**  
Major-General Burns, Chief of Staff of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organisation in Palestine, visited London on his way to the Middle East on November 4. He discussed the Israel-Egypt border problem with Mr. Anthony Nutting, Minister of State, at the Foreign Office. Major-General Burns had previously had discussions in New York.



**IN LONDON TO APPEAR ON TELE-  
VISION: MME. JACQUELINE AURIOL.**  
Mme. Jacqueline Auriol, daughter-in-law of the former French President, arrived at London Airport on November 4. In the evening of the same day she appeared on B.B.C. Television in the programme "Meet Jeanne Heal." Mme. Auriol is well known as an ace woman-pilot, and holds the woman's air-speed record, which she achieved in a Mystere jet fighter.



**APPOINTED C-IN-C, U.K. LAND  
FORCES: GEN. SIR R. MANSERGH.**  
General Sir Robert Mansergh, Commander-in-Chief, Allied Forces, Northern Europe, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, United Kingdom Land Forces, it was announced on November 3. He will take up his new duties next January. General Mansergh, who is fifty-five, succeeds Sir Miles Dempsey, a retired officer, who held the appointment on a part-time basis.



**WINNERS IN THE AUSTRIAN TABLE-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS:  
MRS. R. CORNETT (LEFT) AND MISS D. ROWE.**  
In the women's doubles final of the Austrian table tennis championships at Vienna on November 1, the English twins, Miss Diane Rowe and Mrs. Rosalind Cornett, beat the world champions, Mrs. A. Rozeanu and Miss E. Zeller, of Rumania, by 21-5, 21-19, 9-21, 21-18, thus reversing their defeat by the same pair in the world championships in Holland. The English twins dominated the match with fine attacking play, giving the champions no chance.





WHEN the first volume of this encyclopædia \* came out—a sort of combined operation of All the Talents—I ventured to ask for more, not being aware at that time that a second was on the stocks: Here it is, of the same size and format, and containing thirty articles by twenty-nine different authorities on subjects as various as Japanese Prints, Toby Jugs, Musical Instruments and Pharmacy Jars, and, what is particularly useful and important in a compilation of this kind, a series of glossaries which explain a host of technical terms, in addition to providing a commentary on methods and personalities. No one, as far as I am aware, and least of all myself, has yet discovered a means of writing a review of an encyclopædia which will indicate its range and quality and at the same time be scrupulously fair to all those who have contributed to it. Let me say without more ado that this, like its predecessor, is a reference book which will not be out of date for a good many years to come; it gathers together the information contained in dozens of specialist histories, presents it to us in a tidy, sensible manner and tells us where to look if we want to pursue the matter further. One contributor, Mr. Arnold Palmer, in a few pages about water-colours, has been encouraged to talk not only about the recent past, but about living artists also; a most difficult assignment which he has carried out with due caution, knowing full well, I imagine, that if in so delicate a matter he succeeds in pleasing some of the people some of the time, he is doing all that can be expected of him, for of all chancy occupations that of assessing the virtues and demerits of one's contemporaries is more than usually hazardous.

Stamp collectors are warned about the pitfalls dug for them by several generations of forgers and fakers in an article by Mr. Robson Lowe; I am aware, of course, that all over the world many otherwise normal citizens are happy to pay large sums for a stamp which deviates in some minute way from the norm of its series, but as I don't happen to be a devotee of this popular cult, I find Mr. Lowe's account of the ingenuity displayed by his characters hilarious rather than deplorable, well up to the standard of the best detective fiction—or, rather, it would be if we were allowed to probe more deeply into the minds of the operators he mentions. It was, for example, a charming notion on the part of one of them, Alfred Benjamin, when, having made a considerable sum by producing convincing imitations of the early New South Wales stamps known as "Sydney Views," he called his house in Kennington "Sydney View Villa." But surely Mr. Lowe, in his very proper desire to protect the interests of dealer and collector, is not quite fair in his apparent condemnation of Jean de Sperati, whose wonderful stock of facsimiles, together with his printing plates and records, has recently been acquired by the British Philatelic Association? He admits that those reproductions were usually signed by this brilliant printer on the reverse, and though the signature could easily be removed by the unscrupulous, Sperati's object, I am informed, was to prove that rare stamps could be imitated with extraordinary fidelity, not to make money by forgery; he was a business man of substance, who took pleasure in confounding the experts, and that kind of hobby is not readily forgiven—by the experts.

Possibly the most valuable section is provided by Mr. R. A. Cecil, who conveys a great amount of information about French Furniture in a mere fifteen pages, including in it brief biographical notes about the best-known cabinet-makers and other specialised craftsmen,

# A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. NURSERY GUIDE.

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

such as Pierre Gouthière and the Forestier family, workers in metal. The latter craft had an importance unknown on this side of the Channel, because of the French fondness for metal mounts on furniture as well as for sculpture. Its members were organised in a craft guild (*Corporation des Fondeurs*) on the same lines as that of the craftsmen engaged in making wood furniture (*Corporation des Menuisiers-Ébénistes*). I don't know whether to be more surprised to learn that in 1723 the membership of the latter corporation was 985—an indication of the importance of the Paris furniture trade—or that by 1790, this figure had not increased; a closed shop indeed. In addition the gilders had their own corporation (*Corporation des Doreurs*)—370 of them by the end of the eighteenth century, whose work began where the *fondeur* left off, when the casting was tooled and chased until the required degree of finish had been achieved. Mr. Cecil justly emphasises the extraordinary

gave it, it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish between a piece produced in 1770 and another made in the same style in 1860." His brief note on stamps (not Mr. Lowe's stamps) is a model of compression. The most important of these stamps (*estampilles*) gives the name, and often the initials, of the maker of the piece, which he was compelled



SOME OF JEAN DE SPERATI'S "FORGERIES," OR, AS MR. DAVIS WOULD PREFER TO CALL THEM, "REPRODUCTIONS." "ALL BUT THE THREE NEWFOUNDLAND ARE PRINTED ON GENUINE PAPER, FROM WHICH SPERATI REMOVED THE IMPRESSION OF A GENUINE BUT COMMON STAMP, AND PRESERVED THE GENUINE CANCELLATION."



AMONG THE MANY COINS AND MEDALS ILLUSTRATED IN THIS BEAUTIFULLY-PRODUCED BOOK ARE: (A) ADMIRAL VERNON, ANON., 1789; (B) LOUIS XVI., BENJAMIN DU VIVIER, 1789; AND (C) NELSON, CONRAD KUCHLER, 1805. R. A. G. CARSON HAS CONTRIBUTED THE ARTICLE ON COINS AND MEDALS.



THIS COMMODE, VENEERED ON OAK WITH MAHOGANY, AND STAMPED BY J. H. RIESENER, IS IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION. IT APPEARS AS AN ILLUSTRATION TO R. A. CECIL'S ARTICLE ON FRENCH FURNITURE IN VOL. 2 OF "THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANTIQUES," WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE BY FRANK DAVIS.

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from "The Concise Encyclopædia of Antiques," Vol. 2; by courtesy of the Publishers, The Connoisseur.

by guild regulations after 1751 to place on all his work unless he happened to be a privileged craftsman working for the crown. The importance of these stamps was realised in 1882, as a result of a memorable exhibition, and since then, the world being what it is, numerous bogus stamps have been applied to furniture by the unscrupulous.

How refreshing to remind ourselves that the forger has not yet discovered how to invade the world of tapestry or of carpets, which—the European variety—are the subject of a no less valuable note by Mr. G. Wingfield Digby, with the difference between High-warp and Low-warp explained by the aid of two charming line-engravings from Diderot's "Encyclopédie," that monumental work published between the years 1760–1780. These are not the spacious days of the early years of the century, when fantastic prices were paid as a matter of course for an acre or so of fine early tapestries; few people have sufficient wall space at their disposal.

Is it possible that greater interest will be shown in a subject wholly fascinating to anyone with the slightest feeling for history, the formation of a collection of coins, which takes up next to no room? One hears very little of a pursuit which has engaged the attention of so many famous men from the time of the princes of the Renaissance onwards, except on the rare occasion when a well-known collection comes on the market (as recently at Glendennings, when a further portion of the Lockett coins was sold). I can think of no better preliminary guide than the few pages contributed by Mr. R. A. G. Carson with its heartening note: "To form a collection of coins is not, even in the present age, the privilege of wealth; but since the field is so vast, complete coverage can be contemplated by, say, only a national collection, formed over centuries, and the private collector will be counselled to select an artistic or historical period which appeals to him." Here is another point which does not readily occur to the enquirer. "Unlike many other antiquities, where each piece is unique, the special work of a craftsman or artist never exactly repeated, many of the most beautiful coins of all ages were produced in their thousands and exist, even to-day, in their hundreds."

I turn the pages idly—Victoriana, Ship Models, Barometers, Automata, Musical Boxes, Antique Statuary and Wax Modelling. Silhouettes, Wine, Spirit and Sauce Labels—oh, yes, Dolls and Dolls' Houses. Did you know that there are doll collectors' clubs across the Atlantic which publish their own magazines? Astonishing, but true.

\* "The Concise Encyclopædia of Antiques," Vol. 2. Editor, L. G. G. Ramsey, F.S.A. 176 half-tone Plates and numerous line illustrations. (The Connoisseur, London; 42s.)



# AN IMPORTANT SALE OF ENGLISH FURNITURE.

# SOME FINE PIECES FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION.



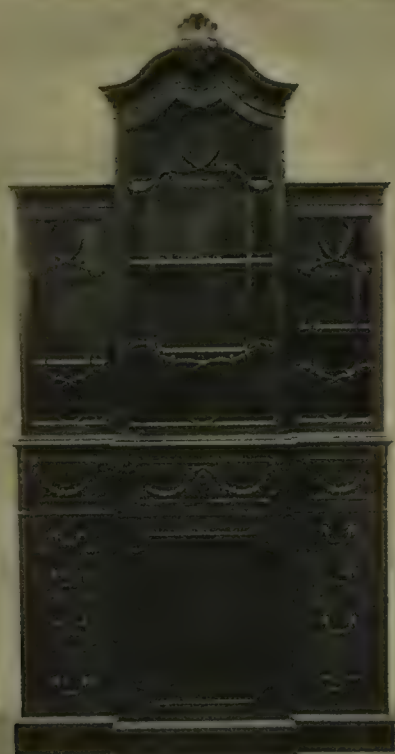
THIS GEORGE I. MAHOGANY OPEN ARMCHAIR WILL BE AUCTIONED AT CHRISTIE'S DURING THE SALE OF THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE FREDERICK HOWARD REED, ESQ.



A SUPERB CHIPPENDALE TRIPOD TABLE IN FINELY-CARVED AND POLISHED MAHOGANY. IT HAS A TIP-UP TOP. (Height, 27½ ins.; diameter of the top, 25 ins.)



ONE OF A PAIR OF ADAM MAHOGANY OPEN ARMCHAIRS, WHICH ARE *EN SUITE* WITH A SET OF SIX ARMCHAIRS IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY SMALL WINGED CABINET. THERE ARE NEARLY 100 LOTS OF FINE ENGLISH FURNITURE, ALL OF WHICH WAS KEPT IN MR. REED'S LONDON FLAT. (Height, 7 ft. 8 ins.; width, 4 ft. 1 in.)



THIS SMALL MARQUETRY UPRIGHT CABINET IS ALSO BY CHIPPENDALE. THE INLAY ON THE DOORS IS IN THE STYLE OF DAVID ROENTGEN. (Height, 52 ins.; width, 29 ins.)



THIS GRACEFUL MAHOGANY BUREAU-BOOKCASE IS TYPICAL OF THE WORK OF THOMAS CHIPPENDALE (1718-1779). CHIPPENDALE WAS THE FIRST ENGLISH CABINET-MAKER TO PUBLISH A BOOK OF DESIGNS. (Height, 7 ft. 9 ins.; width 3 ft. 6 ins.)



A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CARD-TABLE WITH ELABORATELY-CARVED LEGS TERMINATING IN LIONS' PAW AND BALL FEET. (Width, 42 ins.)

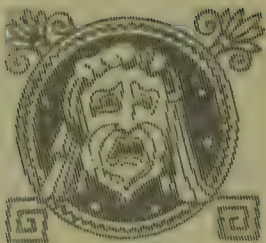


THIS SMALL WILLIAM KENT MAHOGANY SIDE TABLE ALSO HAS SUPERBLY-CARVED LEGS, AND IS SURMOUNTED BY A VEINED BLACK MARBLE SLAB. (Height, 33 ins.; width, 43½ ins.)

The second day of a two-day sale of the property of the late Frederick Howard Reed, Esq., which will take place at the London auction rooms of Christie's on November 17, is largely devoted to Mr. Reed's very fine collection of English furniture. Mr. Reed, who was over ninety years old when he died this summer, formed the greater part of his collection before the First World War, and kept it all in his London flat. He left several valuable pieces to the Victoria and Albert Museum. The remainder form what is probably one of the most important

collections of English furniture to enter the London sale rooms since the last war, and the event is causing wide interest among collectors and dealers. One interesting item—the only piece of furniture which is not actually English—is a small American mahogany chest which was made in Rhode Island in the eighteenth century. The sale will also include some Chinese ceramics and carvings in hardstones and ivory, a few fine English mirrors and a selection of textiles, rugs and carpets from Mr. Reed's collection.





# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



## A KIND OF VULGARITY.

By ALAN DENT.

IT is odd how a kind of seeping vulgarity invades and permeates almost every film we see these days. Public taste—they say—has never been so low since the Dark Ages (roughly speaking, the thousand years that lie between the departure of the Romans from Britain and the Renaissance in Southern Europe). And almost every film we view makes its concessions to something which—if we may turn abruptly from history to arithmetic—may be called the Lowest Common Denominator of what the public wants, or is supposed to want.

It does not seem to matter how ambitious the film's aims may be or how noble its roots and its origins. "Joe Macbeth" begins and ends with a quotation from Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and really and solemnly does set out to illustrate the theory that one of the greatest tragi-dramas of literature can be convincingly re-told in terms of modern Chicago gangsterdom. It falls from grace almost from the very beginning. It does not hold water, much less blood. Joe and Mrs. Macbeth take a huge, ugly house by the lake-side where their slumbers are much interrupted by the screech of night-birds and the clangour of a fog-bell. To this unpleasant seat they invite the "king pin" of Joe's gang, and all his retinue, which includes a variant of Banquo called "Banky" and his son Fleance, who is an amalgam of Shakespeare's Fleance and Macduff. The "king pin" goes swimming in the lake at dawn with Mrs. Macbeth. Joe goes swimming after them and stabs the "king pin" with a dagger under water. There is no search for, or discovery of, this corpse. In fact, "Joe Macbeth" considered simply as a crime story is ludicrously inept and unlikely.

Joe murders Banky likewise, and then slaughters the wife and babe of Fleance-Macduff. In the end he goes berserk, wanders through his grim mansion shooting at phantoms, and finally kills Mrs. Macbeth, who is not so much sleep-walking as, more prosaically, coming downstairs to find out what the firing is about. Till the extreme end, when the scream of police-cars is heard approaching, there is no hint of the existence of police or any intimation anywhere that law and order exist in the background for the checking of crime. The "king pin," followed by Joe Macbeth in his turn, appears to be king of the underworld as well as the underworld. It is all bleak and lawless and silly. It is likely to amuse nobody except some Shakespearians

Another film about crooks, Alfred Hitchcock's "To Catch a Thief" would pass muster as a routine piece of work from a master's workshop if it had not had particular attention drawn to it as being the

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



PABLITO CALVO IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF THE SPANISH FILM "MARCELINO" (A CHAMARTIN PRODUCTION), PRODUCED BY LADISLAV VAJDA. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, OCTOBER 28; ACADEMY.)

In making his choice this week Mr. Dent writes: "This little Spanish boy, Pablito Calvo, seems to me to give infinitely the best acting performance in a fortnight which has brought us such American luminaries as Cary Grant and Grace Kelly, Paul Douglas and Ruth Roman. In

"Marcelino" this child is a founding left at the gate of a Franciscan monastery and reared by the Friars till a miracle happens which canonizes him. The Spanish director, Ladislav Vajda, shows both tact and reverence in turning a 'difficult' story into an easily acceptable one, and the quality of the boy's performance is no doubt largely due to his direction. But in his very amenableness to such direction the child evinces a quality and devoutness all his own."

film inexplicably chosen for the annual Royal Film Performance. It has the kind of glossy story which the late E. Phillips Oppenheim used to turn out twice a year in his opulent heyday. It is about a reformed cat-burglar (Cary Grant) who lives, with no obvious source of

enamoured of Robie, the ex-cat-burglar. This part is played by Grace Kelly, an actress whose chief qualities are beauty, grace, poise, coolness, a sweet and practically permanent smile, and some faint and wistful promise in the art of acting, though it must be granted by anyone who can gaze upon Miss Kelly without swooning that the sixth of these engaging qualities comes quite a long way after the first five. The plot of this film has no surprise whatever, unless it be a surprise to learn in the end that Robie really and truly is a reformed and not a backsliding cat-burglar after all.

No one could have minded the choice if it had been one of Hitchcock's master-works, like the unforgettable "Rear Window," which he gave us exactly a year ago. But this one has a weak story which not even a wizard of a director can do very much with. It has, moreover, even in its direction too many touches of that insidious vulgarity which contaminates far too many of our films. At one moment, for example, the repellently rich old woman who is Francie's mother is at a loss for an ash-tray. What does she do? She jabs her cigarette-stub into the yoke of a fried egg on the breakfast-table! Perhaps the haridan's innate offensiveness might have been suggested—to put it mildly—a shade less revoltingly. This is, in fact, one of the most nauseating shots I can ever remember in any film; and it is not the only crudity of the sort occurring in a picture which has been given the supreme honour of the year.

Utterly, and even miraculously, without vulgarity is the latest film from Spain called "Marcelino: Pan y Vino." This is a touching, tender, and in the end deeply moving film relating—in terms usually austere but often touched with a delicate humour—how an infant is nurtured by Franciscan Friars. At the age of five or six he finds a life-size Crucifix in a disused garret, communes with it, asks if it feels hungry or cold. Marcelino offers bread and wine, taken surreptitiously from the Friars' kitchen, and communes with the Crucifix, which miraculously comes to life, inviting the little boy to come unto Him. Willingly I would see this little masterpiece of



OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS JOHN ROBIE (CARY GRANT) (CENTRE) INVOLVED IN A FIGHT IN THE FILM "TO CATCH A THIEF" (PARAMOUNT). ROBIE IS SEEN HERE TRYING TO ELUDE CAPTURE BY THE POLICE, WHO HAVE CORNERED HIM IN THE FLOWER MARKET AT CANNES. (LONDON PREMIÈRE, OCTOBER 31; ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

who may raise a chuckle when Joe Macbeth sees the ghost of Banky and says:—"Which one of you guys done this?" and then, when the ghost has gone, reverts to the party spirit with:—"Drink up, boys, there's plenty more where that came from!" But even so it seems to me a sorry source of fun. Ruth Roman makes a handsome gangster's-moll of Mrs. Macbeth, and Paul Douglas as Joe does very little else but stare, and perspire, and stare again.

income, on the French Riviera and is, not unnaturally, suspected of having returned to cat-burgling when the ladies at the casino return home to find their jewel-cases missing. One of these ladies (Jessie Royce Landis) is an American oil-millionairess, so rich that she shows less concern over her vanished jewels than a normal housewife would over a mislaid scrubbing-brush. But her daughter Francie is somewhat more concerned since she both suspects and is

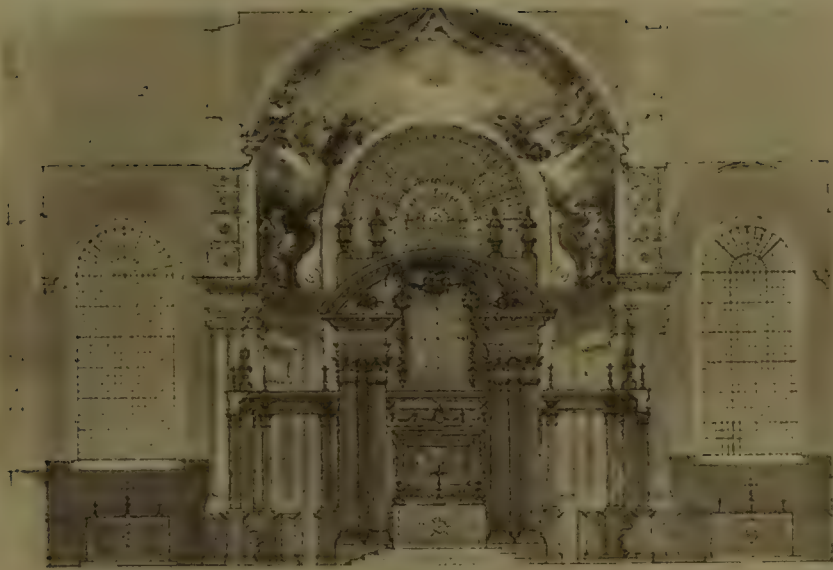


A SCENE FROM "TO CATCH A THIEF," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK. JOHN ROBIE (CARY GRANT), WHO WAS ONCE A NOTORIOUS CAT-BURGLAR, IS TALKING TO FRANCIE (GRACE KELLY), ON THE TERRACE OF HIS BEAUTIFUL VILLA ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

restraint and faith all over again. But nothing on earth would persuade me to see any English or American treatment of such a subject. This film is, in a word, quintessentially Spanish. It begins by making us think it a Murillo in terms of cinema (so enchanting are the village market scenes, with the little boy in their midst), and it concludes with the still poignancy of a "Pietà" by Ribera or Zurbaran.



# BUILDING, RE-BUILDING, A MEMORIAL, AND NOVELTIES FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



THE NEW AND APPROVED DESIGN FOR THE EAST END OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, SHOWING THE MURAL BY MR. GLYN JONES, TO GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF AN APSE. THE NEW DESIGN IS CLOSER TO WREN'S ORIGINAL.

The revised plans for the interior of St. Bride's Church have now been approved by the London Diocesan Advisory Committee; and include important alterations by the architect, Mr. Godfrey Allen, to bring [the restoration closer to Sir Christopher Wren's original designs. The east end has been redesigned in accordance with Hatton's description, with the apsidal effect shown; and the west gallery and vestibule are being removed. The Royal Arms, formerly at the east end, will be at the west.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH SPEAKING AT THE UNVEILING OF THE R.A.F. MEMORIAL, IN THE FORM OF AN ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK, IN YORK MINSTER, ON NOVEMBER 1. On November 1, the Duke of Edinburgh unveiled in York Minster a Thanksgiving Memorial to commemorate nearly 20,000 officers and airmen of the R.A.F. killed or reported missing while operating from bases in North-East England. The memorial was designed by Professor A. E. Richardson, P.R.A.

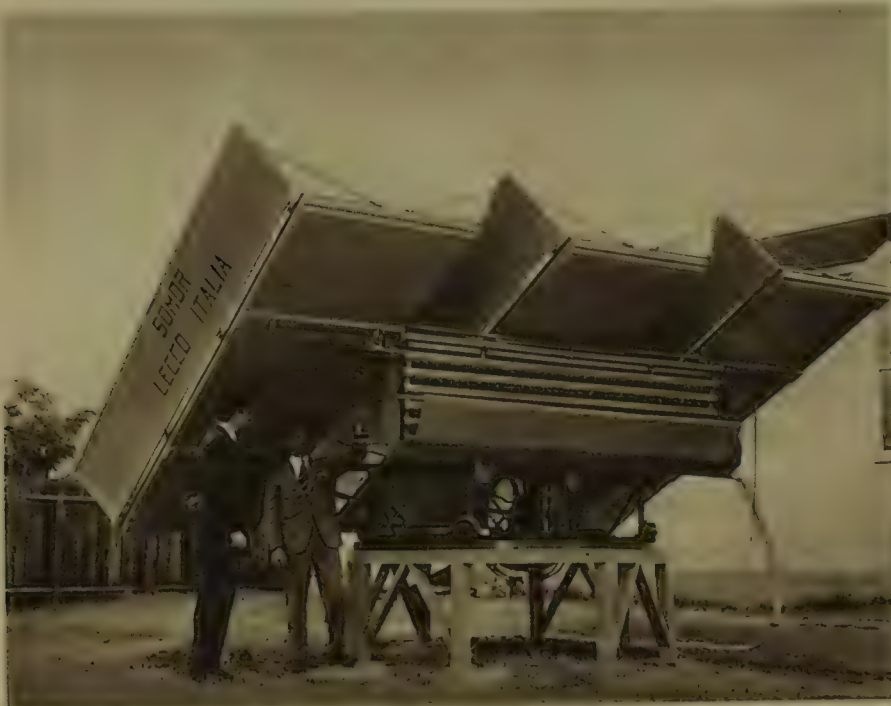


THE NEW AND SPECIALLY DESIGNED W.R.A.F. UNIFORM (RIGHT), COMPARED WITH THE OLD UNIFORM.

On October 8 the Air Ministry started issuing a new uniform for the W.R.A.F., and it was paraded for the first time early in November. It has been designed by Victor Stiebel and includes a Highland style jacket and a permanently flared skirt, and is worn with grey nylon stockings.



A NEW KIND OF FOOTBALL, PLAYED BETWEEN TEAMS OF SALOON CARS AND WITH A GIANT BALL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE PREMIERE OF THE NEW SPORT, RECENTLY STAGED AT STOCKHOLM. APART FROM DENTS AND SCRATCHES, THERE WERE NO ACCIDENTS.



ONE OF THE EXHIBITS STAGED AT THE WORLD SYMPOSIUM ON APPLIED SOLAR ENERGY IN ARIZONA: A SOLAR ENERGY PUMPING ENGINE, FROM ITALY, HERE SEEN IN CALIFORNIA. An international conference on applied solar energy opened at Tucson, Arizona, and then moved to Phoenix, Arizona. It has been attended by several hundred scientists and engineers from many countries, and many devices for employing solar energy have been exhibited and many techniques discussed.



NEW NAVAL OFFICERS' MARRIED QUARTERS WHERE NELSON SPENT HIS LAST NIGHT IN ENGLAND: THE GEORGE COURT, OPENED BY ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR G. CREASY (RIGHT). On the site of the George Hotel, Old Portsmouth (which was destroyed during the last war), where Nelson spent his last hours in England before embarking in *Victory* for Trafalgar, a block of fifteen flats and five houses has been built for the use of married Naval officers of the rank of Lieut.-Commander and under.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE hardest-wearing kind of fiction is the plain story; it never collects dust, nor does it suffer from "uniqueness of aspect." Whereas new techniques are alarmingly short-lived, and subtleties—unless strictly *à la mode*—have a way of not coming off. How long ago it seems that we were all immersed in a stream-of-consciousness! And in "The Honeymoon and A Religious Man," by Richard Chase (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), how fragile and old-fashioned it sounds! And how one realises the drawbacks of a "still small voice"—singing so sadly, almost reminding one of a mosquito! I have begun like this in order to get it out. Mr. Chase has "uniqueness of aspect." He is elusive, vapourish; he has to be read with the lingering attention you would give a poem; and even then, there are moments when he becomes funny. In both these tales his theme is the agony of the marriage state. "Marriage divides," says Michael of "A Religious Man." "Like the sword, it brings loneliness. Like the sword, it brings war. Now do you see what I intend?" Well, one may see it; but the indestructible old Adam can't help laughing. In spite of which, readers who persevere will find themselves within a charmed circle, and be quietly spellbound.

Each time, the hero has married someone he can't get on with, almost because he won't get on with her; and when they don't get on, he runs away from her. In "The Honeymoon" he does it in a little Italian town after three weeks. In "A Religious Man" he has just done it, and fled to another little Italian town—in search of what? Truth, freedom, happiness? Michael's is rather an obscure case. With Morgan, the affair is simpler. He is intensely English; and he loves Cassandra for being American. He chose her as a "continent"—a vision of wild spaces and open plains, an "unchained animal in the drawing-room." While Cassandra succumbed to his gentleness, but is madly irritated with him for being English. One day she was certain to run amok; thanks to a heat-wave and a meeting with old friends, the fit comes very promptly—and the English husband walks out.

Even this story has its magnetism, though it is relatively thin, and though the stream-of-consciousness doesn't help. Indeed, it has a vein of falseness as such: "Now she shakes her head, letting her golden hair fall over her shoulder," is statement posing as experience. Nevertheless, it fits some characters better than others. In Morgan it was obtrusive; but it is so harmonious with the reflective, mentally articulate and seeking Michael as to be almost absorbed. Michael was drawn to Cynthia because she didn't like men; because he wanted to suffer. Now he has jilted suffering, and is looking for reality in a strange town: a town so alien that unreality becomes visible. Deathliness shows up as a mask; life as a dream; figures as phantoms, "shadows reflecting shadows in a mad peepshow of the world's sorrow." And perhaps he meets two of the old gods. . . . This story would be hard to "explain"; but it is wonderful—it is like an image in deep water.

## OTHER FICTION

"The Nimble Rabbit," by John Brophy (Chatto and Windus; 13s. 6d.), returns us to plain daylight and easy reading; by comparison, it might be called predigested. To which, however, Mr. Brophy might very well retort: Then do it yourself! In fact, that is just what he would say: and what his present novel, all about books, authors and the literary world, really leads up to. It is a trumpet-blast against the pundits who belittle good, competent story-telling—because they can't do it themselves.

Though, of course, it is not in lecture form (except occasionally), you can enjoy the fun even if you don't specially want to read about the book world, or the craft of fiction. It starts with an elderly English publisher hot on the trail of an American best-seller called Rocky Rhodes. Carmichael is a fastidious old gentleman; Rhodes is a crude, coarse, brawling drunk—and rather bogus at that. Carmichael first chases him to London; and there the tale collects Jeremy Pine, its unofficial lecturer and juvenile lead. Jeremy has a very secret history; his heart is pure, because it is devoted to Audrey Hepburn. He has become a rising young novelist by spinning day-dreams about her. And now he has a rendezvous in Paris, like the whole cast. Rhodes is off to inspect circuses—along with Trudy, his agent and current affair. Carmichael is still in pursuit of Rhodes. And Jeremy is to advise a rich, blue blooded young American widow about a literary award. . . . Thus we are all set for romance, comedy and incidental views, especially on Mr. Brophy's favourite John-Bullish theme of Americans and English: and for the routing of the pundits at an "international conference." Very heartening and entertaining.

Needless to say, "The Guardians," by J. I. M. Stewart (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is also concerned with literature, and has an Oxford setting and the usual odour of donnishness. But it improves greatly on "Mark Lambert's Supper," where we had to imbibe such quantities of sack before the food was brought in. Once more, it is a question of literary remains. The later journals of Arthur Fontaney (apparently a kind of Ruskin-figure) may now be given to the world. But it is not the journals that count, it is the competition for them. The first suitor is Willard Quail, an old Oxford man who combines the resources of American big business with the claims of scholarship. Then there is the odious Warden, the bad hat; and, finally, the worthy dry-as-dust Gavin Tandon. The custodians are two maiden ladies of uncertain years and retired habit. And Mr. Stewart has resolved his academic scrimmage into a neat, surprising little human comedy. In neither avatar has he been so unelaborate for a long time.

"Body Below," by Howard Mason (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), turns on the wreck of a small schooner, the *Marie-Galante*; she went down off the coast of Guadeloupe with the loss of five hands and a cargo of graded pearls. This is a flea-bite to the marine insurance world. Still, it seems rather a fishy end for a fishy little ship in a dead calm; and Edward Hurd is sent to check up. Wreck mysteries are always attractive; this one is also lively and well-written, and in the person of Captain Hilary it has a real human interest.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

ALL the world knows that Paul Morphy came and took Europe by storm; that he beat Germany's greatest player Anderssen, but that Staunton disparaged him, avoided a match at all costs. Whereupon, Morphy returned to the States, offered the whole world the odds of pawn and move, insulted admirers, and finally succumbed to insane delusions. Chess-players have always felt sensitive about that last bit. If the greatest chess-player who ever lived ended up demented . . . ! The idea "the better your chess, the madder you will become," though far from being logical, was disturbingly plausible.

Was Morphy unbalanced by chess? That the game was closely linked with his madness is undeniable; but this was mainly because his genius revealed itself in chess. His experiences with chess-players accelerated the breakdown that was always a potentiality, given his personal make-up; but similar experiences as a lawyer among lawyers, as a writer among writers could have had the same outcome. This is not to say, either, that Morphy's lack of balance did not contribute to his success.

How often have the greatest of world figures been the unhappiest? Men release their unconscious pressures in action; and to have a volcano of repressed feeling is often to become a volcano of effort—and achievement. "We should find it impossible," confessed Dr. Jones in a famous paper on Morphy he read to the British Psycho-Analytical Society, "to believe that there was not some intimate connection" between his neurotic personality "and the superb efforts of sublimation which have made Morphy's name immortal."

Here in his paper, Dr. Jones digressed to advance a theory on chess about which I have doubts. "It is plain that the unconscious motive actuating the players is not the mere love of pugnacity characteristic of all competitive games, but the grimmer one of father-murder. It is true that the original goal of capturing the king has been given up, but from the point of view of motive there is, except in respect of cruelty, no appreciable change in the present goal of sterilising him into immobility."

As a lifelong chess-player among lifelong chess-players, I could say "I just don't believe this." To a psycho-analyst, that means nothing, of course—he is talking about the subconscious, and though not a chess-player in the world thinks he hates his opponent's king, such a subconscious hate may be ruling him. That the king has never to me seemed important enough counts for a little more. I doubt whether any chess-player, psycho-analysed into the most accommodating of moods, could truthfully confess to a hate of his opponent's king. Moreover, the real explanation seems so clear. The hate is there (a sublimed hate, of course), but of whom? Of one's opponent!

In this suggestion that pugnacity is directed against one of the tools of the game—a bit of apparatus—why class chess apart from all other games? Seek among other sports for some analogy and you soon find yourself in a wilderness. Whom do you want to murder in a swimming race, for instance? The water? The other end of the pool?

That games are outlets for the Oedipus complex is to my mind revealed in the extraordinary change of atmosphere when a man plays against a woman, in chess or in any other game. Either the whole affair becomes a trivial child's play, with half-serious chivalrous concessions, or pure sadism takes charge. Horror often seizes the man if defeat becomes a possibility; he will draw, with far more desperation than if he were up against a fellow male, on every reserve of nerve and sinew to avoid defeat. Many women confine themselves to all-women events—one can well see why. Others, when their sporting skill outstrips that normal to their sex, go mannish in self-defence; subconsciously hoping, when they have whacked you at golf—or tennis, or chess, or what have you—that their trousers and cigarettes will half-convince you that they are not really women at all, so the defeat doesn't matter.

Having got this off my chest, I must frankly admit that the rest of Dr. Jones's paper on Morphy is pure gold, giving an insight into that genius which opened the eyes of laymen and chess-players alike.

## FROM FROGMEN TO FRENCH CAVE PAINTINGS AND WINES.

AS one who is more familiar with high mountains than with the depths of the ocean, I approached Mr. Egon Larsen's "Men Under the Sea" (Phoenix House; 12s. 6d.) with a certain diffidence. I found it quite fascinating. Ever since *Chums* and the *Boy's Own Paper*—how long ago it seems!—ran serials on sunken galleons and buried treasure, the imagination of children of my generation has been stimulated by this kind of romance. There were, as I remember, vast octopuses which stood guard over the fabulous doubloons—or, if octopodes (?) were in short supply, there were the skeletons of dead pirates who once terrorised the Spanish Main. We have (as the French are always saying) changed all that. Our modern divers are frogmen, equipped with the latest apparatus, floating elegantly round the sunken wrecks which once filled us with a more than Aristotelian pity and fear. One of the reasons why Mr. Larsen's book is so good is that it re-creates the old romance in a modern setting. "The Professor on the Ocean Bed" is as good a chapter-heading as one could get to demonstrate the marriage of "old, unhappy far-off things" with the cold brilliance of the modern scientist. But it is not until we reach the ninth chapter—"Jobs in Davy Jones's Locker"—that we really begin to appreciate Mr. Larsen's technique at its best. One can almost hear the chorus of "Yo-heave-ho, and a bottle of rum!" while gravely applauding the success of modern oxy-hydrogen apparatus for cutting metal in water. The pictures in this book are magnificent—but I should have liked at least one line drawing of Captain Hook!

With Mr. Showell Style's "The Moated Mountain" (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.) we go back to the Himalayas. This is a very odd book—quite different from those which I have recently reviewed in this column. It is abrupt and bald. It makes no claim whatever to be ranked as literature—whatever that may mean—nor is it a piece of pseudo-scientific *bravura*. It throws an experience at you, and there you are. And yet—listen to this: "Then according to mediæval theologians," said Bill's voice from the next tent, "angels are ubiquitous?"—"To be more exact" (Jack's slower utterance) "the number of angels at any given point at any given time is infinity."—"Excellent. Now angels are not divinities, I take it?"—"Not deities, no. An angel can only be in one place at one time. A deity—the deity, rather—can be everywhere at once." And so on, and so on. This is hardly the rough mountains. It is Plato and Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas. It is the Stoia Poikile and the schools of Paris in the thirteenth century—and none the worse for that. But in the appendices we get very practical lists of equipment for would-be mountaineers. And for good measure, there are some excellent verses. If this is not the Homer of the great peaks, it is at least the Horace.

When I read the title of Mr. Lawrence Green's book, "Panther Head" (Stanley Paul; 16s.), I thought of slinking great cats, pouncing upon unsuspecting persons from the branches of great trees in primeval forests. But I found that it was birds, not felines, that the author had in mind. Moreover, the birds were not all feathered. Black Sophie, who kept a seamen's boarding-house in Cape Town, rang certain bells in my memory. *Mutatis mutandis*, she might have acknowledged a prototype of delightful memory, who lived not so far from Jermyn Street, and who has appeared in at least one best-seller novel. *Mutatis mutandis*, I say, and the analogy is not to be pressed too far. Mr. Green is a good writer, and he does not rely on the story itself to carry him through. Here is an example: "This is the hour of the swift return. Away to starboard there on Ichaboe millions are greeting their mates, millions preening their feathers. The island is alive with them, gleaming white in the last of the sun. . . ." Here is rhythm and balance, and an author to whom words are not just a means of filling up an income-tax return.

To finish the column this week I have chosen Dr. Glyn Daniel's "Lascaux and Carnac" (Lutterworth; 15s.). Let me say at once that this book fully bears out the publishers' reputation for first-class production. It is short, and brilliantly illustrated. Here, of course, the co-operation of the author has been essential, because economy of words has helped to build up a magnificent whole. But who, may I ask, had the sad idea of christening the Laussel sculpture "Venus"? It is a perfect example of a *lucus a non lucendo*—or, might one suggest, a *Venus a non venerando*? For the non-historian there is an extra treat in the fact that Dr. Glyn Daniel is a gourmet and wine-lover. In addition to the curious by-ways of prehistoric art, the author is always prepared to take you off the road and show you where to find an excellent meal. In these days it is pleasant to find someone who is both a scientist and civilised. The exploration of the caves which are the subject of his book involved, as anyone who has made that particular type of pilgrimage will remember, considerable sacrifices. The caves of Les Eyzies, for example, will be for ever memorable for those who made the journey for the fact that the visitor has to make his way to the prehistoric paintings on his hands and knees for several hundred yards. While any civilised European is fully in favour of the use of garlic in cooking, the guide's post-Neanderthal Europeanisation is a little disturbing, and for any post-Neanderthal man of normal stature the cry of "Attention! Tête!" is both alarming and, prehistorically, chastening. So much has now been written about Lascaux that the activities of our remote ancestors have an almost boring familiarity. How they made those wall paintings we do not know. I am reminded of the charming *Punch* cartoon which showed a caveman standing on the shoulders of a friend, and the caption was something to this effect: "This will fox them. They will not know whether we were enormously tall or whether the floor was a lot higher than it is now!"

As one who has a family connection with the great wines of Bordeaux—an ancestor of mine commanded at Fontenoy the Irish Brigade whose proud boast it was that they never failed to break the Anglo-Saxon troops against whom they were opposed (including in this case his Majesty's Brigade of Foot Guards), I was delighted to see that Dr. Glyn Daniel finds a paragraph or two for Chateau Talbot. While Haut Brion is now one of the few *premiers grands crus*, it is nice to think that Chateau Talbot dates back far further, to Shakespeare's "Stout Talbot." E. D. O'BRIEN.



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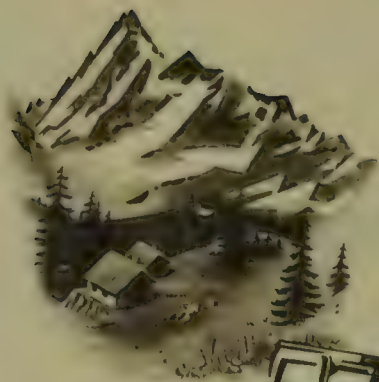
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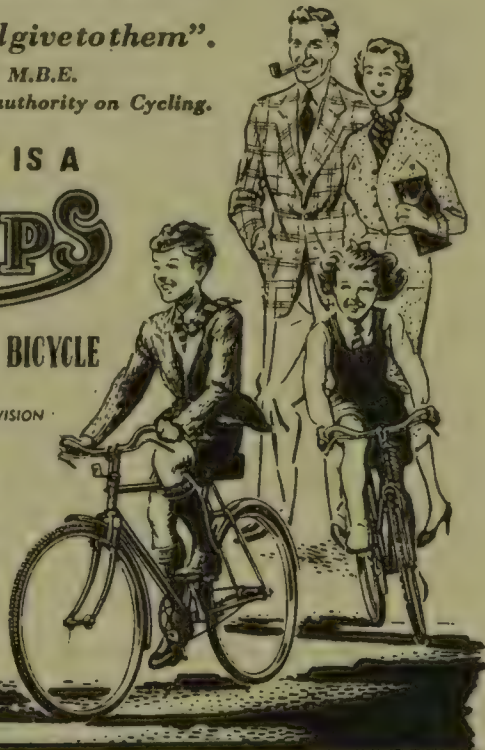
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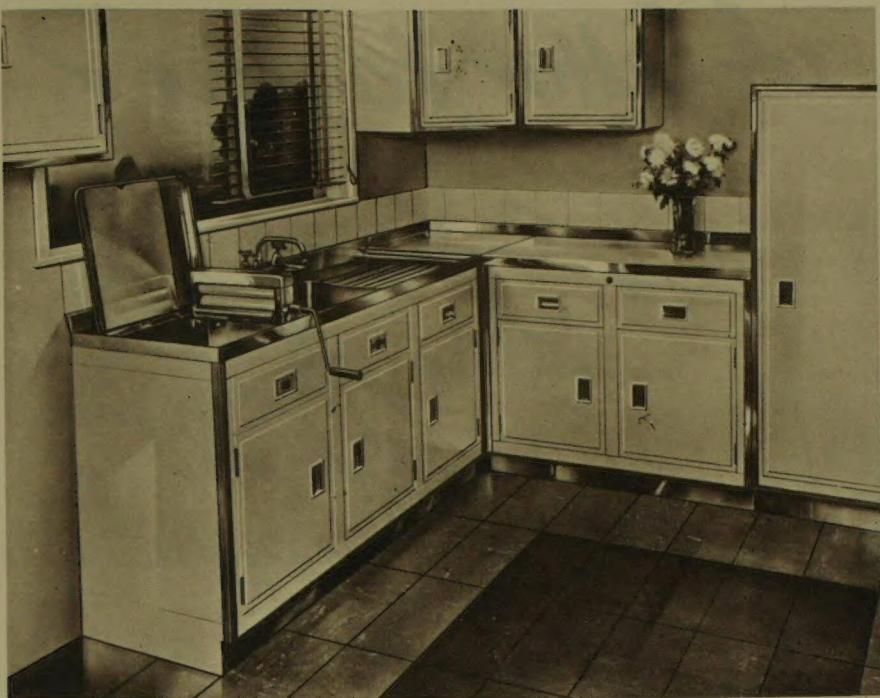
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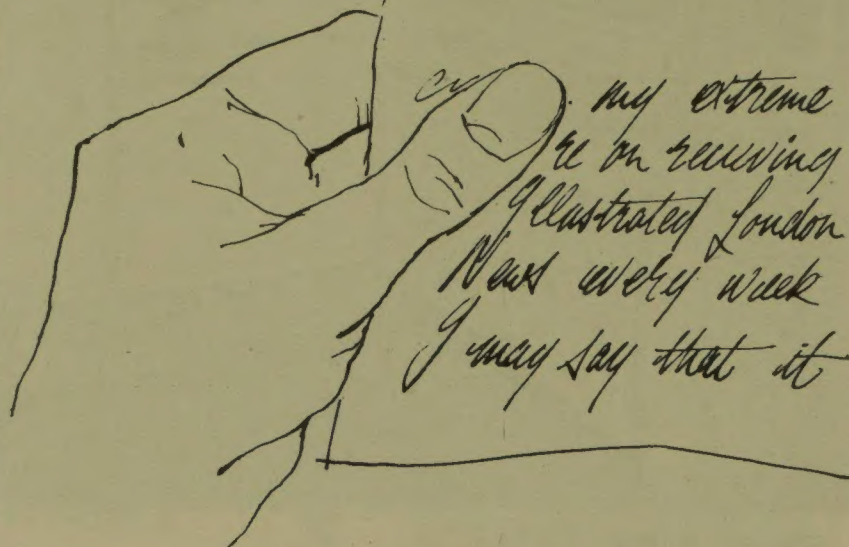
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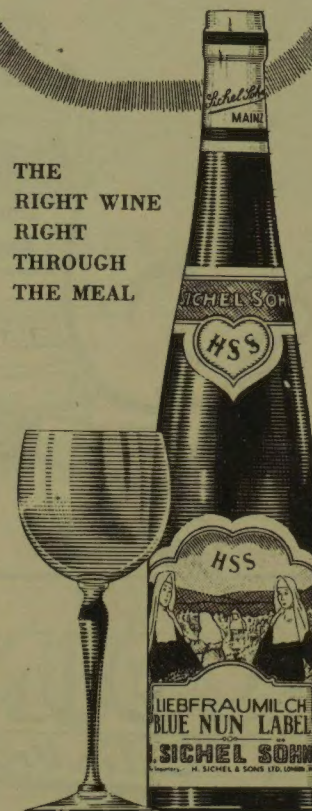


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